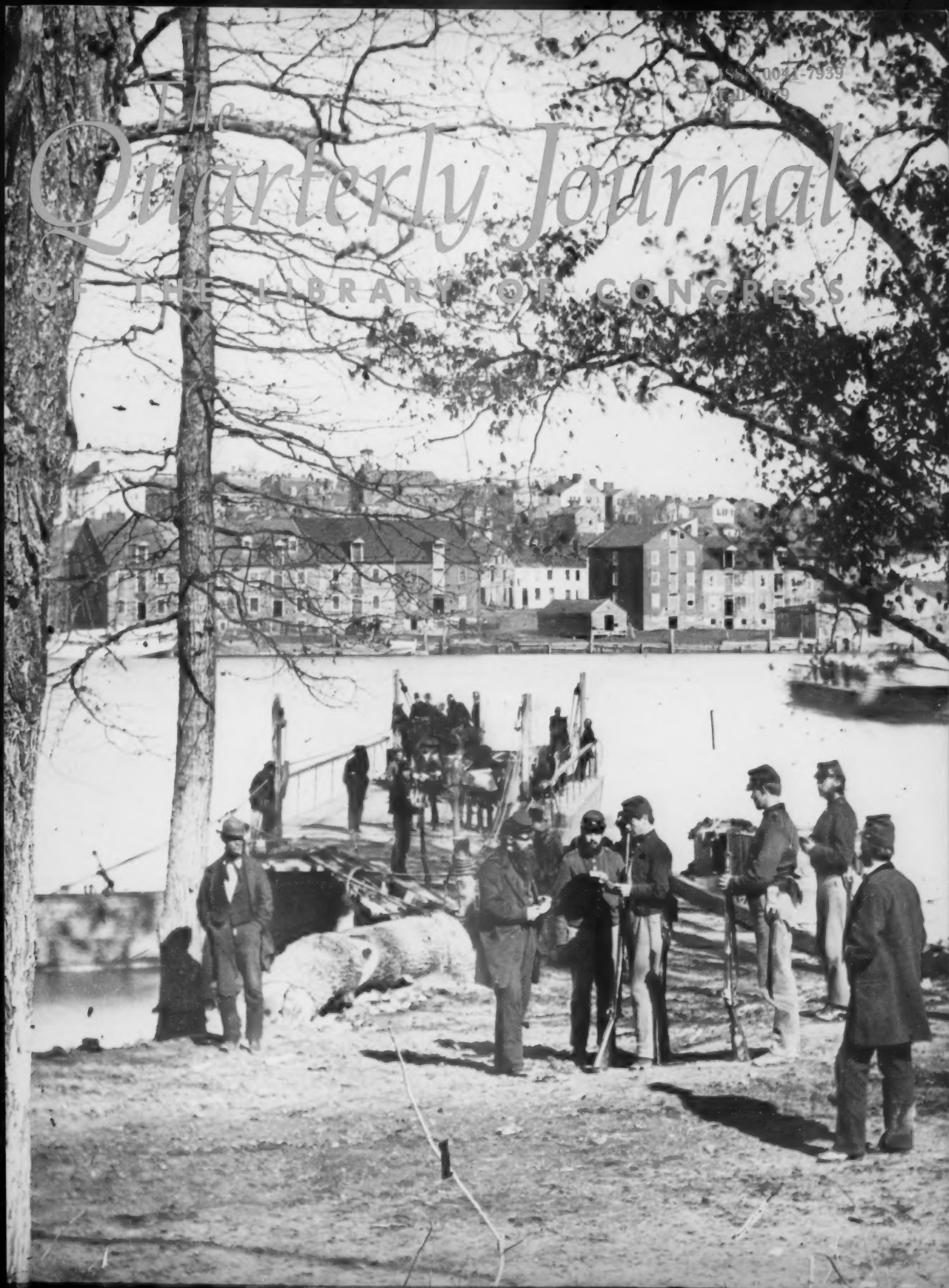


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The
Quarterly Journal
OF THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS





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The Quarterly Journal

OF THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

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For Allen Tate

Writing at the desk where I found him sitting one time in 1943, when I came to be presented to Archibald MacLeish, I am aware of how formative my awe of Allen Tate has been. His kindness, his courtly good manners, used to put me at ease, but I was aware that the admiration I felt for him entailed strict standards and a seriousness about literature which I was not certain I could live up to. *Voyez comme déjà l'apprentissage est dur*, Corbière says in a poem I translated later—*think what a hard apprenticeship it is*.

As it turned out, the rise and fall of his critical esteem were both occasioned by responses like mine. In the late thirties and early forties he was the model of an American man of letters. Style was his concern. It is always a fundamental one ("Style is the way a man takes himself," Frost said) even when, as in recent years, we do not pick up a work critically by that handle any more (and in truth most works could not, to advantage, be picked up by it). The large and old traditions invoked in his poetry and his criticism are traditions we express our respect for today by parody, if we concern ourselves with them at all. Tate's accomplishment may one day be seen as one of the last successful attempts to hold American letters to the standards of style inherent in their traditions.

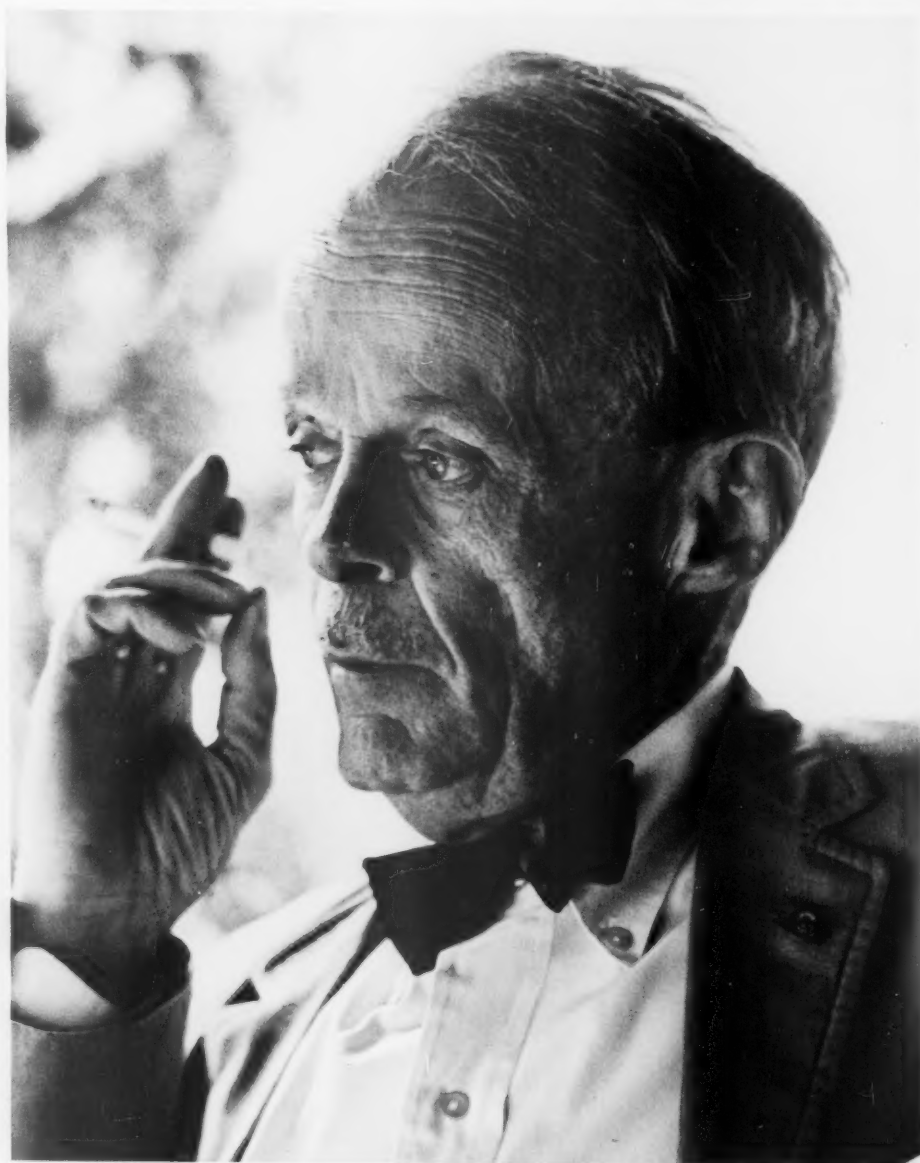
Other concerns have occupied our writers since the mid-forties, and the importance of Tate's accomplishment has become less obvious and less central. At some point my own values

departed from his, in the direction of populism. His standards, like those of Pound and Eliot, came to seem inappropriate to a mind like mine and to a moment like the last twenty-five years. I continued to admire his work and to enjoy his friendship, but the apprenticeship was over and I was an indifferent disciple.

At this same desk, or at any rate in this office, he edited the first volume of the magazine then called the *Library of Congress Quarterly Journal of Current Acquisitions* in 1943 and 1944. The fourth issue carries the note: "This issue completes the first volume ... published under the editorship of Allen Tate. Mr. Tate has completed his year of service as Consultant in Poetry in English and left the Library to become Editor of *The Sewanee Review*. His successor in the Chair of Poetry, Robert Penn Warren, will serve as Editor of Volume 2 of the *Quarterly Journal*."

In some ways the beautiful and useful work of Robert Penn Warren describes, much better than anything I could write as poet or critic, where American letters were heading when they diverged from the work Allen Tate set for himself. His work is one of rare excellence and distinction. The fashion that would put him in neglect is no fashion Robert Penn Warren or his contemporaries of great accomplishment would want to associate themselves with, and no more do I. If no longer a follower, I will always be an admirer and a debtor of this generous artist.

WILLIAM MEREDITH
Consultant in Poetry, 1978-80



Photograph by Gerald Holly — the Nashville Tennessean

Allen Tate 1899-1979

I was a close friend of Allen Tate's for more than half a century and his death diminished me as if, in Donne's image, "a peece of the *Continent*, a part of the *maine*" had been washed away. We had met in June 1924 during Allen's first trip to New York. Together we paid a visit to Hart Crane in his room looking out over the harbor and Brooklyn Bridge. We argued with him about Poe, whom Hart rejected as a poet; Allen and I named ourselves as charter members of an imaginary club, the Poe Society (we hadn't heard about the real Poe Society). Later we saw each other often in Greenwich Village, in Addie Turner's barn of a house on Tory Hill (Hart lived there too), at Benfolly and Cloverlands (both near Clarksville, Tennessee), and in dozens of other places; there was much visiting back and forth. I last saw Allen toward the end of July 1978 at his house in Nashville, in the room that by then he was able to leave only with a plastic tube dangling behind him, the other end of it attached to an oxygen tank. But he talked excitedly, as always, about people we knew and their ideas.

There had been clouds over the friendship as we went our separate ways. Allen's way during the 1930s had been to describe his ideas as "reactionary," while I was attached to the radical movement. But there were ties even then; we were both agrarians and were both opposed to

the society that existed. For both of us, moreover, literature was more important than politics and character more to be prized than opinions. We fished together and wandered through the countryside.

There was, however, a difference in character, or in character of thought, with Allen more of a Platonist and I more Aristotelian; Allen deduced where I observed. Still, he tolerated my Nominalism and I truly admired his gift for moving in the realm of ultimate Ideas. Not to mention his poems here, great as the best of them are, that is the huge value of his *Essays of Four Decades*: they raise every subject discussed to a higher level of generality. Emerson said of the Elizabethan poets, "Their minds loved analogy; were cognizant of resemblances, and climbers on the staircase of unity." Allen had something of that virtue.

My copy of *Essays of Four Decades* is well thumbed, after six years, and yet—will you believe it?—I hadn't looked at the title page till yesterday. There at last I found a scrawled inscription: "To Malcolm, 'old war horse,' this book, by a war horse almost (lacking a year) as old: they needed forty years to discover that they were fighting on the same side. With affection, Allen." I felt again the loss of a comrade in arms.

MALCOLM COWLEY

I first met Allen Tate in the fall of 1929 in Paris, where he was spending a year as a Guggenheim fellow. I had just finished my first term at Oxford and was headed for the south of France to spend a six-weeks vacation on the sunny shores of the Mediterranean.

Allen has, by the way, written a brief and rather amusing account of that first meeting. It doesn't quite accord with my impression of the meeting, but that was to be expected. We always are a bit surprised to discover how we appeared to others. For me, the event was momentous: it was confrontation with a legend. As a student at Vanderbilt, I had found the memory of Allen still green. I had heard so much about his powers and abilities that this young man of thirty-two was in my eyes already a great literary figure. The result was that at our Paris meeting I was too overawed to have much real talk with him. Our meaningful acquaintance began only some years later, when we were both back in America.

I had had some correspondence with Allen about a piece that I was writing for the *American Review*. Allen was editing a sheaf of essays on Southern literature to which I was contributing. But my first meeting with him in the flesh, on American soil, occurred not until 1936 or 1937. In the early fall of that year my wife and I drove from Baton Rouge to Clarksville, Tennessee, where Allen and his wife Caroline Gordon lived in a pleasant antebellum house—Benfolly, they had named it—situated on a small hill on the south bank of the Cumberland River. The little city of Clarksville, on the other bank of the river, dominated the prospect to the north.

Allen was then at work on his first and only novel, *The Fathers*. He was barely into it, and I

have a vivid memory of reading the first chapter in typescript. There were other houseguests at Benfolly—in fact there seemed to have been an unending succession of them. Katherine Anne Porter had returned from France and was visiting with the Tates. Ford Madox Ford, the then dean of English letters, had been with them for a month or more but had departed before we arrived. So had Robert Lowell, who had been the Tates' guest for the whole summer.

Lowell had suddenly appeared, they told us, unheralded and uninvited—in what amounted to a flight from New England, from Harvard where he had spent a miserable freshman year, and from his own family. He had simply turned up, announcing to Allen that he had come to be taught how to be a poet. The hospitable Tates had no beds left in the house for an extra guest, though there was room at the dining room table. But Lowell solved his problem by going into Clarksville, buying a pup tent, and sleeping in the Tates' grassy backyard, taking his meals with the family.

When we arrived for our brief visit, Lowell had taken Allen's advice and departed for Kenyon College, but his tent was still flapping in the breeze just back of the Tates' house. Before we left Benfolly, other unheralded guests arrived, who were persuaded to stay for a meal. They were a young writer whose name I cannot remember and his wife. The Tates made them welcome.

I go into this at such length because it illustrates one of Allen's (and Caroline's) great virtues. The Tates were genuinely and generously hospitable. Caroline could always cheerfully find room for more guests at her table and Allen could always find time to talk to one more young

aspiring writer.

He gave of himself freely, even to writers who had much more aspiration than talent. And he gave of himself in this fashion all of his life. It was one of his salient virtues.

It was also, in this man, a rather unexpected virtue. For those who themselves hold an exalted opinion of the vocation of the man of letters and who maintain exacting standards for literary art—men who demand the highest excellence from themselves and make high demands of others—are not always disposed to be patient with those of no talent and little discipline.

Allen Tate could of course be the severe critic. He was indeed sometimes hypercritical, even with regard to his friends. Like the Roman who dearly loved his friend but loved truth more, Allen's deepest allegiance was always to the integrity of art. Yet my own testimony has to be that I have known few if any other men of letters who were kinder and more patient with the neophyte.

Such was certainly his conduct in my case. He owed me nothing. True, I was, like him, an alumnus of Vanderbilt, but we had not overlapped there. True, I was a friend of certain of his friends. But there was no reason for him to go out of his way for me, whom he knew only slightly. Yet without my knowing what he had in mind, I found that he had secured a publisher for my first book of literary criticism, always a hard kind of book to place.

Thenceforward, for the rest of my life I found in Allen a counselor, philosopher, and friend. I do not use the word "philosopher" lightly. In a world more and more dominated by specialists, even in the field of letters, the value

of a wide-ranging mind, one that possessed breadth and scope of imagination, has become extremely important.

Allen could move from context to context and point out resemblances and true linkages. He had a synthesizing vision that allowed him to bring together ideas and events that the everyday world regards as completely without relation.

This great talent allowed him to light up such a murky area as the relation of Southern literature to Southern culture as a whole, including Southern history, economics, philosophy, and religion. I have called the area murky and I believe that it still is so in spite of the past half-century's great accumulation of specialized studies, many of them excellent in themselves. But monographs do not, on their own initiative, arrange themselves into a mosaic that presents the viewer with a design susceptible of interpretation.

That creative act—and it is truly an act of creation—has to be supplied by the imagination. It was through the power of his imagination—historical and spiritual as well as specifically literary—that Allen brought forth his synthesis. It perhaps receives its fullest expression in his great essay, "A Southern Mode of the Imagination," but one can find the germs of this essay in some of his essays written thirty years earlier.

Allen's poetry ultimately comes out of, and expresses, this same vision of Southern and American history. (I am tempted to add "and the history of the West.") Indeed, I know of few writers of our time whose work, in prose and verse, fiction and poetry, is more self-consistent—more of a piece. He has bequeathed to us not only a great achievement but one rare of its kind.

CLEANTH BROOKS

Accept everything. Explain later." One of Allen's many deathless lines, this one addressed to me when I had just received two conflicting but attractive telephone invitations of a literary nature. Allen's wit, perception, self-awareness, and insight into other people and poets all come alive, for me, in that one-liner, and I can see the scene, as so many others, with Allen always as the center, whether consciously or just because he was there. It was his presence, and the aura about him of both the unpredictable and the ironic, not to mention the responsive, that made him so attractive, so much sought after.

My wife told me that once when Allen was

staying with us our small daughter came crawling into my study where Allen was putting together some notes for a talk he was to give that evening. She offered to remove the trespasser, but Allen, doing his Old Southern Gent act, said: "Miss Edie, I like her here. She helps." And he meant it, of course.

The man, the poet, the critic—no, more than critic: the philosopher-king of critics—who would tell you the truth to your face and make you like it. I don't know if I understood Allen, but I know he understood me, and everyone else too. That was both his burden and one of his great qualities as man and poet.

LOUIS COXE

Allen Tate was the first poet I ever laid eyes on. I met him in the early 1940s, in a publishing house on lower Fifth Avenue, where he was at the time an editor. I was in awe of him, but I had asked if I might call, because I had got the dream of starting up and editing a magazine to publish the work of young short story writers.

If I had never seen a poet, I knew very few writers at all, and knew nothing of editing or publishing, but being a young short story writer myself—I'd published my first book, at least—I was fired up to try. Allen Tate could tell me what I needed to know.

He told me "Don't do it." He surprised me with every word he said! He gave me succinct

and caustic information, with stories attached, about the depths I'd be getting into, about how I'd flounder in my ignorance. His horror of my jumping into this venture he made a form of encouragement: he was ready right then to congratulate me if I would *refrain* from editing a magazine and concentrate from now on on the writing of my own stories. He told me that he had read stories of mine, that he thought well of them, and he shook my hand.

He was an interpreter. Characteristically, generously, he spoke to the question I didn't know I'd asked him. He gave me an answer that was not a denial but a deliverance. Thus our long friendship began.

EUDORA WELTY

The publication in 1971 of Allen Tate's *The Swimmers and Other Selected Poems*, a definitive selection of the poems that he had written over a period of fifty years, should have been an occasion for general rejoicing, but instead it met in England with an acid critical attack and in this country with silence. The judges of the National Book Award did not see fit even to mention it, and it did not receive the Pulitzer Prize. It is curious that Mr. Tate in his long and distinguished career was often honored as a man of letters but was rarely, except for the Bollingen Prize, honored for the very center and root of his literary position, his poetry. He was at the time of his death without doubt our greatest poet, and yet his pupils, his imitators, and his students had often been praised beyond their worth while the master had been left in the shadows.

When it was called to the attention of one of the younger judges of the National Book Award for 1971 that no mention whatever had been made of Mr. Tate, he is said to have remarked: "That is as it should be. Allen Tate has been responsible all these years for keeping my poems out of the magazines in this country." Kill off the censor (the traditionalist), he seemed to be saying, and all poetry of merit will prevail. At the International Poetry Festival, which I organized at the Library of Congress in April 1970, Mr. Tate said:

We do not know what poets behind the Iron Curtain or European poets this side of it think of us. Let us assume, which I don't with much conviction assume, that they envy us a little for our rather wildly permissive society in which anything goes, even faked poetry, which on democratic principle we refrain from denouncing. For democratic principle forbids us to take a firm, critical line against poets who are merely "doing their thing." That's a great phrase in this country at the present time: *doing one's thing*. Now doing

one's thing is every man's, every democratic man's natural right, even if we don't know what a natural right is, and my thing is as good as anybody else's thing because it is mine. . . . At the same time in our society we get a great deal of antipoetry, for we have poets who think that in order to be poets they need only to kill off the older poetry. Could we eventually have in America the destruction of all poetry as the alternative to a poetry which accepts some limitations proposed by society or by a church or by tradition? I take it that the history of poetry that we know anything about shows that a limitation of resistance has usually been good for poetry and that complete freedom may be as stultifying as censorship.

Allen Tate was no censor, and no poet of his generation went so far as he to encourage the young, but he shared with Osip Mandelstam the conviction that culture does not spring up instantaneously but is the result of centuries of continuity. For them both the Mediterranean represented the only point of departure for the poet intent on being fully a part of that continuity. If I had to choose a key poem by Allen Tate I would choose not the widely quoted "Ode to the Confederate Dead," magnificent as it is, but rather "The Mediterranean." I can still recall the excitement I felt when I first came upon it in the thirties. It seemed at once an archetypal poem, one that went in ways that I did not then fully understand to the root of all that was worth knowing, and it did so with what Ford Madox Ford called Allen Tate's "lapidary sureness and hardness." When the poet spoke in the final stanza of

the tired land where the tasseling corn,
Fat beans, grapes sweeter than muscadine
Rot on the vine . . .

I knew that he referred to the land of my birth as well as his. I recognized the voice of one of my spiritual fathers, a poet to whom my debt, like that of other poets of my generation, would be incalculable.

WILLIAM JAY SMITH

On the Martyr of Harper's Ferry

John Brown of Ossawatimie
 (Who died to set Abstraction free)
 Stale Ussington's gold-handled
 sword —

Fess for the gold than for the Lord.

Allen Tate

Allen Tate provided this holograph of his poem to be exhibited during the National Poetry Festival held at the Library of Congress in October 1962.

The Fathers

A Pictorial Introduction

Allen Tate wrote one, extraordinary novel. It has been highly regarded since its publication in 1938, and a paperback edition published in 1960 by Swallow Press with an introduction by Arthur Mizener is still available. Mizener calls it "the novel *Gone With the Wind* ought to have been" and Austin Warren says that it "brings all [Tate's] parts and powers together: in it, both the essayist and the poet collaborate and fuse." But *The Fathers* remains little known outside the academic communities where it is taught.

The historical romance has long been the most popular form of fiction in this country, and Margaret Mitchell's romance of the Civil War is certainly the most popular single instance of that form. In *Gone With the Wind*, however, accurate portrayal of the historical is less important than the overweening theme of romantic love. Nathaniel Hawthorne called his novels romances because he wished to "claim a certain latitude" in the managing of events. And his dark revelations concerning the "truth about the human heart" are usually softened by his use of historical distance and remote settings, and by his elegant style of presentation.

The Civil War is the setting for *The Fathers*, but Allen Tate's novel is romantic in none of these ways. Although the time is 1860, Tate will not allow us the comforting idea that we are now safe from the disturbing thoughts and events

that overtake his characters. Love and violence are represented in the novel, but the one is not sentimentalized and the other is not sensationalized. As Thornton Parsons says in the essay that follows, the novel reveals something about the fragility of human societies and the unsettling irrationality latent in human nature. The portrayal of this theme and the speculations of the narrator, Lacy Buchan, about the enigmatic events of his life are often difficult to interpret, and this difficulty partially accounts for the novel's failure to become popular.



Lacy Buchan is sixty-six in the year 1910, living in Georgetown, and remembering his experiences as a boy of sixteen. The story opens with the memory of his mother's funeral in April 1860 at "Pleasant Hill," the Fairfax County, Virginia, home of the Buchan family. The family moves to Alexandria when the war begins, and since his father does not want him to join the Confederate army Lacy goes to Georgetown to stay with his sister, Susan, and with Jane Posey and her mother at the home of his brother-in-law, George Posey. Later he returns to Alexandria and then makes his way back to "Pleasant Hill," having witnessed along the way a number of harrowing events that draw him finally into the war.

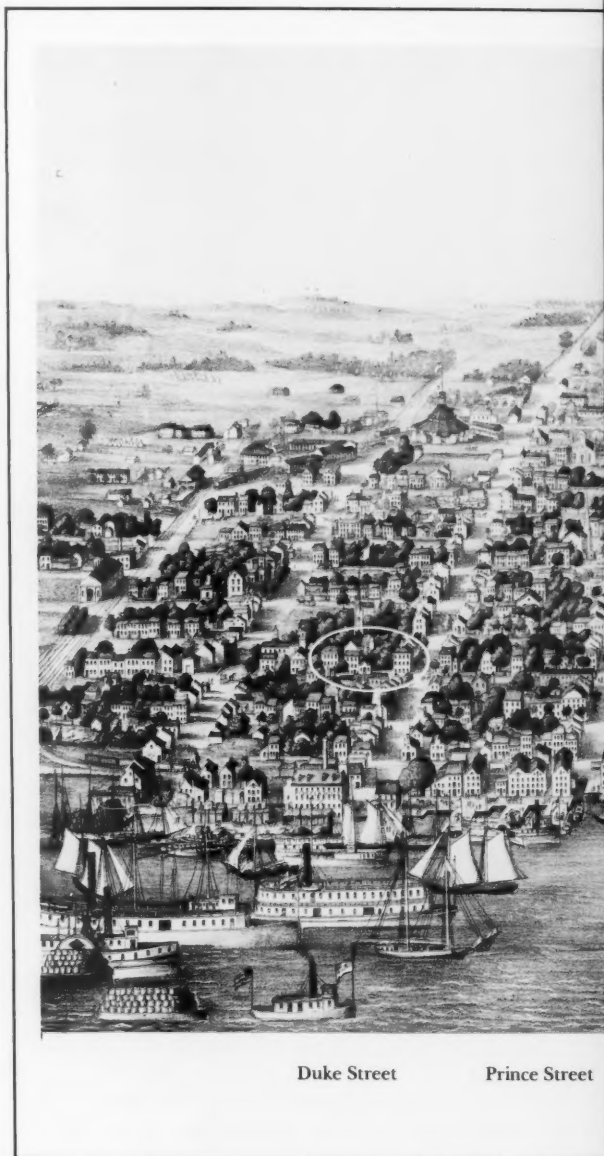
Allen Tate provides explicit directions and the names of streets and buildings as he takes Lacy Buchan from place to place. Because Alexandria and Georgetown have been designated historic districts, many of these buildings are still standing: Gadsby's Tavern and the Presbyterian Meeting House in Alexandria; the convent, George Posey's office, and the Posey house (the model was probably Prospect House) in Georgetown. It is possible today to follow Lacy from street to street, and to do so enhances the fictional illusion that Lacy was a real boy in a real place at a particular historical moment. The photographs reproduced on the following pages were taken during the period from 1862 to 1865, many of them by Mathew Brady or his assistants. They too contribute to the sense that such a boy as Lacy might have gazed across the Potomac at the half-completed Washington Monument and crossed Long Bridge to Washington and walked along the towpath beside the C & O Canal in Georgetown.



The Fathers is sometimes puzzling and always requires the full attention of its readers. Read carefully, it has the power of all great fiction: it impinges upon one's life. Thornton Parsons's lucid interpretation, "The Education of Lacy Buchan," and the photographs that precede and accompany it are intended as an invitation to read this remarkable novel. There could be no better way to honor the memory of Allen Tate.

JH

"Birds Eye View of Alexandria, Va." Lithograph (16 x 23 inches) published in 1863 by Charles Magnus. Circled left is the location of John Semmes's house on Fairfax Street; circled right is Marshall House. Geography and Map Division.



The next winter Cousin John Semmes went to Washington to live, and we stayed in his house in Alexandria, a tall three-storey red brick, on Fairfax Street near Duke in the same block with the Presbyterian Meeting House (The Fathers, p. 117).



Washington Street
St. Asaph Street
Pitt Street
Royal Street
Fairfax Street
Lee Street
Union Street

King Street

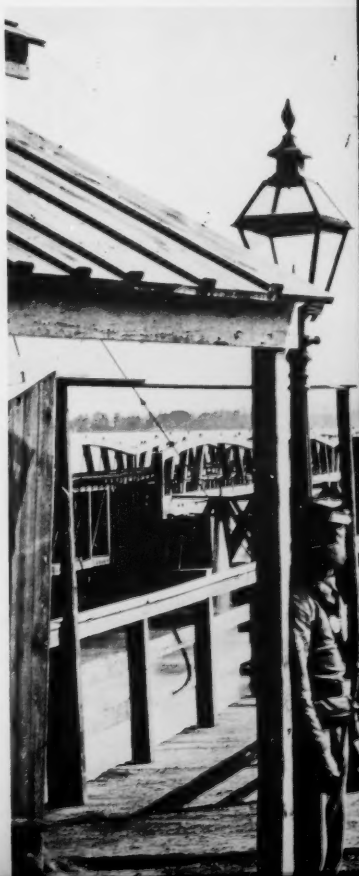
Cameron Street

Queen Street

Gadsby's I think was considered a more genteel place [than Marshall House], but one of the early Gadsbys had been a "speculator," that is, a negro trader, and papa was dead set against the very name (p. 163).



Gadsby's Tavern at the time of the Civil War. Gadsby's (1770) is to the left of the three-story City Hotel (1792). Both were elegant establishments in their day. Listed for demolition in 1928, they were saved by the American Legion and restored in 1976 for the Bicentennial by the city of Alexandria, which now owns them. Gadsby's is a museum; there is a restaurant on the ground floor of the City Hotel.





Washington to the southwest, August 18, 1863. This photograph by Titian R. Peale, taken from the Smithsonian Institution, shows Long Bridge between Washington and Virginia.

I came to the head of the Long Bridge next evening at sundown, and I got by the sentries without trouble: "I'm going to visit my sister in Georgetown," I said, and the sergeant of the picket said, "Search him," which the men did very carelessly; and I walked the mare over the bridge (p. 168).

Long Bridge, May 1865.



I followed the gesture: from the Long Bridge it seemed but a step to the housetops of Alexandria. The Washington monument, only half done, rose in the foreground out of a sea of tents, I had almost said tombstones, they were so like the distant dots that I had glimpsed in Holyrood (p. 192).

The Washington Monument, August 18, 1863. Photograph by Titian R. Peale, taken from the Smithsonian Institution. The area now occupied by the Lincoln Memorial, the Reflecting Pool, and part of Constitution Avenue were under water at this time.



Pennsylvania Avenue and the Capitol, 1857.

The only government I knew was the collection of buildings that straggled from the Capitol to the White House, some classical, others paste-board Gothic—for that was the flimsy look they had at a distance. But it was a “government,” and it was in the South, and it had been set up by Virginians: it was my distinct impression until manhood and education effaced it, that God was a Virginian who had created the world in his own image. It followed that the Government was ours too (p. 129).





By the time I had gone the length of Virginia Avenue to the Water Street Bridge into Georgetown, it was nearly dark, and to keep from getting lost in the maze of narrow streets I continued along Water Street and followed it into town, until I came to the end of Frederick Street, where it suddenly pitches from the heights above down to Water Street and the canal (p. 168). . . . The facade of the house was in the shade. I scanned the stonework of the first storey; as my eyes came back to the door I wondered why the house had been begun with stone and finished with brick from the second storey to the top (p. 193).

View of Georgetown, 1865. Circled in this photograph is Prospect House, very likely the model for the Posey house, on "Vista Avenue" in the novel.



She was looking again out over the river, and I wanted to touch the curl that hung from under the white poke-bonnet. . . . Then she looked at me and moved to my side. "What is the flag over there?" And she raised her face towards the Virginia shore (p. 197).



Aqueduct Bridge and the Virginia shore, 1865.

The Education of Lacy Buchan

by Thornton H. Parsons

Some novels ask for readers who are amenable to perplexity and capable of delay in placing their sympathies. When Allen Tate wrote his formidable novel, he, like Faulkner, drew his inspiration from an old sinister and cryptic muse. *The Fathers* is a concentrated version of the enigmas of human life. War with its chaos is the setting, and the disruptively complex personality of George Posey combines with it to produce an unsettling irrationalism. The novel is an intricately woven pattern of paradoxes, ironies, inconsistencies, and contradictions. By the end Lacy Buchan has undergone a series of terrific shocks and losses: the deaths of his mother, his father, his brother Semmes; the madness of his sister Susan; the sudden cloistering of Jane, the girl he was in love with. Furthermore, he has seen at close range the shooting of Yellow Jim by Semmes and the shooting of Semmes and John Langton by George. The enormous contribution of George to most of these bereavements and traumas might suggest that Lacy should be emotionally estranged from him, but the final sentence of the book is an affirmation of love and loyalty, and thus creates the ultimate enigma.

Bearings are hard to find in this novel, and norms are exasperatingly elusive. If we say there are none, then we are left with an implication of Lacy's utter demoralization at the end when he declares his preeminent affection for George Posey. They cannot be easily anticipated or hastily forced to emerge. It is a mistake to try to outguess Allen Tate. At the beginning of the novel, when we find George indecorously leaving the funeral of Mrs. Buchan, we can impatiently assume that the norms of conservatism have been implied, that the Buchans must be right in their obedience to intricate formalities, in their patterned modes of mitigating the harsh realities and throwing a soft cloak of illusions over the abyss.

In the opening pages appears a custom designed to keep alive a comforting sense of the past and a reassuring emphasis upon family continuity: the interlocking of generations by the surnames that appear as first and middle names. The given name of Major Buchan is Lewis, which was the surname of his mother.

The narrator is named Lacy Gore Buchan; the first name is the surname of a distant relative, Gore the surname of Lacy's mother. The middle name of Mrs. Buchan was Semmes, which now appears as the given name of Lacy's brother. The major's oldest son, Charles Twelfth Buchan, tries to keep his middle name secret, for he was named not after a relative but after the Swedish king, a hero of the major's.

However, Mr. Tate shunts us away from a hasty inference of norms by presenting through Lacy a bewildering complexity of events and feelings. After George's abrupt departure from the funeral Lacy struggles with competing emotions within himself—grief over his mother's death and erotic attraction toward Jane. In this emotional dilemma he recalls George's words to him just before the infamous breach of decorum, " 'Son, I've got to go,' " and the words inspire him to decisive action. He touches the hand of Jane, kisses her on the mouth, and asks her whether she loves him. Lacy resents the criticism of George by Mr. Higgins, for what predominates in his mind is not the flagrant violation of proper mourning in George's departure, but the bold, independent spirit of a hearty, active man who cannot patiently abide the stasis of this day.

Furthermore, Lacy's narrative flashback to the events surrounding the tournament two years earlier works to enhance the glamorous figure of George Posey. The feelings and imagination of Lacy have been engaged by the marvelous spontaneous command that George displayed on his first visit to Pleasant Hill, winning the tournament and thrashing the surly John Langton. George brought a brand new gun for Lacy, and even though the major was prepared to be indignant over the indecorous familiarity of the gift, he had to relent at George's innocuous account of an improvised generosity. Only a prig could object. Again we see Allen Tate's resistance to simplicity of characterization. The major is not a rigid formalist. He is affected by George's sterling explanation for the apparent lapse of etiquette in his letting Lacy show him to his room upon arrival at Pleasant Hill. What is

reprehensible in this episode is George's aggressive declaration of his intention to marry Susan, and the precise timing of the declaration, just when the major has had to alter his feeling of indignation and is no doubt embarrassed over his precipitate negative reactions to the gift of the gun and the informal settling in of the guest.

The great basis for Lacy's admiration of George is his extraordinary behavior on the day of the tournament, with all the diverse demands that shifting circumstances make upon his poise, charm, skill, self-confidence, alertness, flexibility, and strength. His audacity is breathtaking. All the elaborate preparations for winning and celebrating victory at the tournament would have made him look foolish had he lost. He acts out of serene conviction and trust in his prowess.

He participates in the imitation chivalric ritual, brings an aura of mystery to it with his disguise, then dramatically wins it. Lacy emphasizes his remarkable poise during the crowning ceremony: "it was composure, not control" (p. 70). Although George has just had the fierce altercation with Langton, he retains no residue of emotion from that physical encounter. But suddenly overtaken by the utter artificiality of the ceremony, he cannot bring himself to crown Susan. Nevertheless, we cannot doubt that he valued his triumph that day and that he planned it as a way to embellish the announcement of the engagement, for he subsequently names the mare that he bought specifically for the contest "Queen Susie." He could have marred the day terribly by killing John Langton. In the turmoil he evinced no fluster, but with rare self-possession first gave a demonstration of his unusual marksmanship, then threw away the pistol and improvised a way of dealing with Langton short of murdering him. Only a perverse traditionalist could argue that it would have been better for George to go through with the duel and, for the sake of a cleanly adherence to the code, shoot a churlish drunken man who had insulted him. Only George's extraordinary composure that day enabled him to salvage a qualified glory from the debris of mischance. He had to abandon his plan to use the "large coach with four horses" (p. 79) that he had brought in anticipation of a victorious ride back to Pleasant Hill, but he *was* able to announce to Susan and

*Allen Tate, *The Fathers* (Chicago: Swallow Press, 1960), pp. 8, 94. Subsequent references to this edition cited in the text.

the others waiting anxiously at the Broadacres' that he had not killed John Langton.

We cannot confidently assume that Major Buchan is our safe normative center because the glamorous and self-reliant George affects Lacy in a wholly positive way at first, and even on the day of the funeral inspires him, infuses him, with a will to act upon his feelings for Jane; and months later, when Charles, Semmes, and Lacy are caught between their own commitment to Secession and their father's Unionist loyalty, Lacy thinks again of George's announcement, "Son, I've got to go," and wishes he could extricate himself from the dilemma by "the exultation of loyalty not to myself or to all the life around me, but to one person who to my dying day will be a man always riding off somewhere" (p. 150).

Lacy's freshly romantic version of George Posey will undergo some strenuous tests. The first one comes with George's vacillation over whether to join the Secessionist cause. The major knows unequivocally what his own position is. If his sons do not state theirs forthrightly, it is only because they are reluctant to offend him. George hesitates, but not for long. His uncertainty vanishes at once when Charles brings the news of the arrest of Captain Schaeffer, the friend of George who commands the National Rifles. Then begins George's service to the Confederate Army by ambitious smuggling of war supplies from the North, an activity that calls upon his talent for business as well as his courage and resourcefulness. Lacy is present when George and Lacy's cousin John Semmes conduct their business with the stranger, who pays George \$61,000 for shoes, powder, and rifles that he has smuggled. And even though John Semmes is disgruntled over George's reluctance to serve as a private, he praises his contribution and emphasizes the danger of imprisonment. Eventually Lacy comes to understand that a personal complication, that is, the presence of John Langton as captain of the company, has kept George from joining as a private. Still, he has urged the members of the Georgetown militia who crossed the river and joined the Seventeenth Regiment of the Virginia Infantry to accept Langton as their captain.

Throughout this novel George is the center of

ambiguity, of diverse claims. He outfitted the National Rifles of Georgetown, which had been organized by his grandfather "'when Washington was a village'" (p. 146). But when the Georgetown boys become incorporated into the Seventeenth Virginia, it is unthinkable that George should serve as a private under his enemy Langton. Furthermore, he is deterred from overt military service by his conviction that "fighting is nonsense" (p. 167), an attitude that parallels his view of dueling. Although Lacy, with his early strong Secessionist feelings, would like to see George as an officer leading the Alexandria (and Georgetown) boys, he gets a privileged glimpse of his flexible and versatile brother-in-law in a demanding and glamorous activity essential to the Southern cause. So the admiration remains intact. George is the victim of malign circumstances, but he is still capable of acting with vigorous will and bravery.

A sterner test of Lacy's love for George comes with the stay that Lacy makes at the Poseys' in Georgetown. He discovers that Susan is disillusioned and greatly altered for the worse. She does not know where George is or what he is doing. He has led her to believe that he is a soldier. Meanwhile, she has experienced the unhealthy patterns of life followed by the Poseys—their solitariness, their peeping from behind doors, their obsession with infirmities—and bitterly deplores the loss of the sunny, cheerful social patterns she abandoned when she left Pleasant Hill to marry George. As Lacy observes the tracks in the rug made by the neurotic pacing of his sister and as he learns of George's patent neglect of her, he gets his first insight into a possible morbidity in George's secret life.

A persistent difficulty in reading this novel inheres in Allen Tate's complicated perspective, the narration by Lacy as an old man of what happened when he was sixteen. Sometimes we know what the adolescent Lacy thought and felt at the time, and sometimes we know what understanding to attribute to the passage of time and to later reflection, but often we cannot differentiate. Thus for a while we cannot be sure how seriously Lacy condemned George for Susan's neurotic plight in Georgetown, but the narration does explicitly account for Lacy's sudden aversion to his brother Semmes. Semmes's

unexpected wooing of Jane catches Lacy off guard, and he succumbs to a sham nobility or magnanimity in renouncing his own interest in her. It must be the enforced falseness to his own feelings in the renunciation that makes Lacy say so unequivocally, "I knew as night came on that I hated my brother Semmes" (p. 219). Another statement in this context, though, reveals that the discovery by Lacy of Susan's misery has not diminished his love for George. When Semmes posturingly invokes the need to rescue Jane from the Posey family and attributes to George's absence some sinister motive, Lacy makes a strong and uncompromising judgment:

But where was Brother George? Where, indeed, was he? Did sister know? I was sure that Semmes Buchan knew perfectly well where he was, and his rhetorical question: Why is he away all the time? made me feel, as I turned it over, hollow inside, and not a little glad that the candle still burned on the bureau. Semmes' moral desertion, and there is no other word for it, of his friend and brother, somewhat thickened the darkness around me . . . (p. 221).

Lacy would not have such strong negative feelings against Semmes for this desertion unless he himself still kept faith.

Lacy at sixteen understands the subtle intricacies of choices and decisions that determine Yellow Jim's attack upon Jane. George sold his half-brother in order to get a mare that would enable him to win the tournament and heighten the glory of his engagement to Susan. The metaphorical perception here can only be taken as that of the youthful Lacy:

As we continued to look at the poor girl I knew that here at last was the night that followed the brilliant day in May when the gay party rode away from Pleasant Hill for the gentlemen's tilt in the west meadow of Henry Broadacre, Esq., that rolled away into the distance green as the sea. I saw Brother George charging down the course, his lance perfectly balanced; only I saw him sadly astride, not Queen Susie, but the man Yellow Jim whose face was as white as his master's. And they ran over a child in white, but they left her there, and it was all over in a minute, and the tournament had been won (p. 227).

With this sensitive awareness of George's responsibility for the whole cruel development Lacy moves into the solemn events that ensue. Wavering between obeying the order of the strong-willed Susan to take Jim up the river and shoot him and his own sense that he should either let Jim go free or wait until George comes to make the decision, Lacy endures this time of

ever-increasing nightmare.

George's mother is dead of fright; Susan's hair has turned white overnight; Lacy feels more and more self-reproach because he did not have the ingenuity to give the appearance of taking Jim up the river but, instead of killing him, to let him go free. Then he discovers that Jim will not run away but insists upon waiting for George, trusting that his half-brother will surely protect him. With the return of George the stage is set for the most harrowing test of Lacy's devotion to him.

Accompanying Semmes and George up the river with Yellow Jim, Lacy suffers the greatest bewilderment of his life. The events leading up to the shooting of Yellow Jim by Semmes and of Semmes by George are utterly ambiguous, unfathomable. After leading the group up the river on the tow-path and down the bank to a ledge of rock just above the river, George draws his pistol. Naturally assuming that George is preparing to shoot Jim, Semmes protests, draws his own revolver and kills Jim. Even while in the act of shooting Semmes, George is protesting that he did not intend to kill Jim. The body of Semmes falls in the river, and the body of Jim is dumped in by George.

Lacy's emotional collapse is delayed until he arrives at Pleasant Hill. Intent upon returning to his father, he crosses the Long Bridge and first makes his way to the Marshall House in Alexandria. There he views two corpses: Mr. Jackson, true to his earlier vow to defend against Yankees, has killed Colonel Ellsworth and has himself been killed by a Yankee sergeant. Now for Lacy the private horror of the preceding night converges with the public horror of invading Yankees in Virginia and the start of the military killing. Finding the house on Fairfax Street empty and the shades drawn, he begins the long walk to Pleasant Hill.

Even though we learn later of Lacy's emotional collapse and of his six weeks in a coma, and thus can attribute the imaginary conversation with Grandfather Buchan to hallucination, this narrative device seems at best strained, especially the lengthy analysis of the mythical Jason's temperament that is meant to parallel George's. The grandfather is an even stauncher exponent of the reassuring civilized forms and rituals than the major:

Jim leading the way, we went out through the kitchen to the stable court, then round through the carriage gate into the street, and without stopping and Jim still leading the way walked at the usual pace over to Frederick Street where we turned to the right for the bridge over the canal. In two minutes we passed over the canal and got on the tow-path which brought us quickly to the aqueduct, and from there on the tow-path might have been in deep country: on our left rose tall willows and sycamores, and in the dim light of the quarter-moon I could just discern the top of the stone wall on the land side of the canal, then suddenly round a little bend I saw on the canal's edge, below the wall, a large rock house (pp. 256-57).



The C&O Canal and Aqueduct Bridge, Georgetown.

In front of Marshall House, facing it, stood a squad of Union soldiers at order arms. I left the crowd at the corner, feeling that I was being followed; taking the inside of the walk and trying to move casually, I hurried; across the street from the inn I stood behind a lamp post, foolishly, and waited to see what the soldiers would do. . . .

The windows were blank, and as my eyes ran up to the roof I saw the bare flagpole, with the ropes hanging from the top (pp. 259-60).

Marshall House, Alexandria, Virginia. No longer extant, it was located at the corner of King and Pitt Streets.





Not two feet from Mr. Jackson's head lay another: the body was stretched full length, face up—the handsomest face I had ever seen, large delicate nose, wide thin mouth, high cheekbones. . . . The blue uniform was immaculate; the shoulder-straps were a colonel's; and on the belt-buckle, spelt out in full: MASSACHUSETTS. He might have been asleep, so flushed was his face, had it not been for the blood running from both ears and mingling with Mr. Jackson's blood upon the crumpled Confederate flag that lay under him. I looked at the sergeant and the sergeant looked at me.

"Colonel Ellsworth," he said. "The first to be killed by a rebel" (pp. 260-61).

Col. E. E. Ellsworth. After removing the Confederate flag from the roof, Ellsworth was shot on the staircase of Marshall House by proprietor Jim Jackson, May 24, 1861.



The boys on horseback slowed down. I was past them before they saw me but one of them turned and called: "Hey, Lacy, where you going?" I did not recognize him. "Seen any Yankees?" he said. "A heap of 'em," I said (p. 266).

Camp of the 44th New York Infantry near Alexandria, Virginia.

My son, in my day we were never alone, as your brother-in-law is alone. He is alone like a tornado. His one purpose is to whirl and he brushes aside the obstacles in his way (p. 268).

The purpose of this contrived imaginary episode must be to underscore the estrangement from George that Lacy should now feel, for the unspeakable atrocities that he has experienced lead to his psychic exhaustion, his collapse, and the lengthy coma.

Early in the second section of the book, "The Crisis," Lacy declares that his maturity as a man began with his view of the first casualties, Mr. Jackson and Colonel Ellsworth, and became complete when George, after killing Langton, prepared to remove his Confederate uniform and to change into the apothecary's black suit. What occurs between these moments must be pertinent to our comprehending Lacy's values and the implicit norms of the novel.

When he emerges from the coma, he is visited by a friend and a cousin, Wink Broadacre and Jack Armistead, who say that their captain has entered Lacy's name on the rolls of the company and who assure him that he does not need his father's permission. Lacy has yet to recuperate fully from his collapse, but apparently this is the moment of his tacit decision to repudiate openly his father's Unionist position, and it is thus one important evidence of his maturity.

Lacy is quite severe in judging his father during the discussion of Semmes's death and the contrite letter written by George. Doomed as he is to relive in memory those appalling moments on the rocky ledge, Lacy cannot take an indulgent view of his father's too detached justification of Semmes's cool murder of Yellow Jim. "Son, he was a Buchan, too" (pp. 279-80), says the major, glibly invoking a sense of honor that Lacy is dubious of. One legacy of the horrors he has endured is a superior understanding of mysterious evil. Lacy's proximity to the ghastly events and his awareness of the intricate web of motives that produced them cause him to recoil at his father's complacent assertion of family pride.

These are revealing symptoms of the maturity that Lacy associates with this two-month period. The most momentous episode, however, concerns George. When he arrives at Pleasant Hill, intent upon joining his friends in the Seventeenth Virginia before the first battle of Bull

Run (or Manassas), but first disclosing to Lacy's perception an urgent need to be recognized by Susan, Lacy refuses to shake hands with him. There intervenes the remarkable incident in which George singly defies the dozen Yankees in the Buchan yard, slaps the face of the captain, then dramatically breaks his sword, and drives them all away. The following night he appears in his Confederate uniform and says merely, "Come on" (p. 289). Since the moment Lacy walked away from George and left his hand extended in the air, he has heard George's repeated visits to Susan's door and speculates that this time George is not running away from difficulty but genuinely desires recognition by Susan, "the woman with whom he had obscurely compounded a hideous wrong, at a depth of their natures that I neither could nor cared to see" (p. 287). Apparently this persistent, expressed anxiety satisfies Lacy that George is not brutal and shallow. Lacy's own decision to join the Confederate Army is galvanized, and he is able for the first time to extricate himself from hopeless, static moral dilemmas, ambiguities over blame and responsibility, by joining this dauntless man of action, as he has longed to do in other complicated and foggy predicaments.

Accompanying George to the War is the overt reconciliation. Now Lacy will see one more exhibition of absolute and violent action by George Posey. The long-smoldering enmity between George and Langton will be resolved. George does not answer Langton's first insult, but instead speaks to Blind Joe about the horses. Lacy's wondering, the next day, why George did not kill Langton at that moment shows an understanding of the futility of a rational resolution, and while foreshadowing the violence of the next meeting, reflects a harmony of conviction between Lacy and George. Thus when Langton resumes the baiting George responds with the extraordinary composure that distinguishes him in impossible crises. Langton assumes, perhaps, that the military context will protect him, but George characteristically acts without any thought of the possible consequences. He could not know in advance that Colonel Corse would enable him to escape military justice and punishment. George asks the colonel for two passes, and Lacy rides off with him again, this time back to Pleasant Hill.

George's spontaneous violence was not only anticipated by Lacy but felt to be right.

All that remains for Lacy in this critical period of maturity is the discovery of his father's suicide. He is strangely unmoved at his father's grave. Now appears the most impressive sign of his maturity: the impulsive decision not to go with George to Georgetown, but to return to the war. He takes no time to grieve over his dead father. In the few hours Lacy was with the troops he learned that his kinsman Jack Armistead had been shot and killed at Blackburn's Ford. So without illusions Lacy is entering upon great danger and uncertainty by himself, and in doing so he is emulating his hero and his father-elect, George Posey.

If Lacy's profession of love for George in the final sentence is not to be taken as a quirky, eccentric response to the harrowing ordeals he has been through, then it must point to an important theme of the novel. It does, and it is a theme that has been gathering all along by implication. The first hint of it is a summation of what Lacy learned from the death of his mother and from George's flight from the funeral. Lacy attributes to the lesson learned that day his own ability "to survive the disasters that overwhelmed other and better men." To ride out disasters without cracking and without despairing is a primordial need forced upon human beings by "the ceaseless flow" that places terrific limitations upon hope:

Not even death was an instant; it too became a part of the ceaseless flow, instructing me to beware of fixing any hope, or some terrible lack of it, upon birth or death, or upon love or the giving in marriage. None of these could draw to itself all the life around it or even all the life in one person; not one of them but fell short of its occasion, warning us all to fear, not death, or love, or any ecstasy or calamity, but rather to fear our own expectancy of it, good or ill, or our own lack of preparation for these final things (p. 101).

This passage reflects a solemn curtailment of positive expectations for a boy of sixteen. The idea of hope is further undermined by the contemplation that Lacy the old man presents as he remembers his waiting for the night that was to prove so fateful, the night of Yellow Jim's attack upon Jane that precipitated the multiple horrors—the immediate death of Aunt Jane Anne, the taking of the veil by Jane, and ultimately the deaths of Yellow Jim and Semmes. This analysis of the enticements of night is La-

cy's speculation about the intrinsic evil in human nature:

To hear the night, and to crave its coming, one must have deep inside one's secret being a vast metaphor controlling all the rest: a belief in the innate evil of man's nature, and the need to face that evil, of which the symbol is the darkness, of which again the living image is man alone. . . . Perhaps some of the people in this story are to be pitied, but I cannot pity them; none of them was innately good. They were all, I think, capable of great good, but that is not the same thing as *being good* (p. 219).

The thin layer over human nature that we call civilization does not sustain people and curb their worst inclinations in difficult times. It simply cannot call goodness forth or make it prevail. Thus the novel is not primarily a study of the Civil War and its consequences; the center of interest in this book is the human capacity for wrongdoing and the great dilemma that prevails because of it: the individual may act on strong feelings and convictions and possibly do wrong, or he may succumb to paralysis or to blind obedience to forms whose substance is illusory. The great truth is the yawning abyss, that stark destiny of nothingness that may be waiting for creatures who are on the way to death and dissolution; the immediate threat of it is paralysis or madness. George Posey avoids both. Rectitude seems to be impossible, rectitude consistent with strong feelings and ability to act. To see George Posey primarily as the New Southerner, oblivious to civilizing forms, is to deflect attention from the novel's core of implication.

Something like virtue prevailed on the day of the tournament when George refused to abide by the code of the duel and kill John Langton outright; but the smoldering resentment in Langton would not permit the virtue long life. He had to continue his insults until George could no longer overpower the impulse to kill him. There was something admirable in George's desire to fill the day of his engagement with glory; yet what he purchased the glory with precipitated much of the ensuing horror: his getting the mare (that enabled him to win) by selling Yellow Jim; his avoidance of the duel in order not to stain the day with murder. Time twisted along and unfolded the wretched aftermaths.

An oppressive ambiguity hovers over all of George's decisions and actions. When George assumes the major's legal and financial respon-

sibilities, the good that he intends to do by selling the slaves (and thus preserving some of the estate for the heirs) undermines the major's benevolent desire to free them. To save the reputation of his friend Semmes, George must cooperate with the Stacy woman's blackmail. He despises tobacco as a crop but speculates in it at a great profit. He is successful at smuggling goods for the Confederate Army but feels discontented and curses the money and the expedient methods he practices so skillfully. He is magnificently brave in outfacing the twelve Yankees and routing them, but his action humiliates them and causes them to return later for revenge. He restrains himself when Langton first insults him before Colonel Corse, but the next day calmly and abruptly shoots him.

Because the figure of George Posey towers over this novel and because the negative consequences of his spontaneous behavior are so dramatic, it is easy to overlook the wrongs committed by those bred in the forms and conventions of Southern civilized life. The conservatism of Major Buchan, the forms that civilize, the social conventions and the habits of thought that serve to conceal the waiting void are not reinforced by this novel. In the name of tradition and convention Major Buchan disowns his son, and for what?—for reading the Southern mood better than he does. This cold and harsh renunciation stems from pride masked by a patriarchal convention. A curious confusion prevails at the end when the major, as a matter of principle, refuses to declare himself a Unionist. In his desperate decision to commit suicide rather than cooperate with Yankees, or even admit to the loyalty felt so strongly that he even disowned his son, he is affirming his Southernness, his enmity to the Union soldiers, and is adopting the position that Semmes took. Or is he, in a crisis, behaving with the spontaneity and disregard for consistency that govern the decisions of George? The forms are not always reliable.

Nor do they protect Susan from a dangerous, presumptuous tampering with the lives of others. Raised in the bright, open social patterns of Pleasant Hill and hence suddenly losing the bloom of her life and plunged into misery by the morbid separateness, isolation, and secrecy of the Poseys, she is impelled to defensive action on

"Washington, D.C. and Its Vicinity," 1862.



1. Matthias Point
2. Aquia Creek
3. Shipping Point
4. Fredericksburg
5. Mount Vernon
6. Alexandria
7. Orange and Alexandria R.R.
8. Loudon and Hampshire R.R.



- | | | |
|--|---------------------------|---------------------|
| 9. Manassas Junction | 17. Aqueduct Bridge | 25. Capitol |
| 10. Bull Run | 18. Long Bridge | 26. Navy Yard |
| 11. Centreville | 19. Georgetown | 27. Arsenal |
| 12. Fairfax Court House | 20. Washington | 28. Maryland Shore |
| 13. Vienna | 21. President's House | 29. Fort Washington |
| 14. Falls Church | 22. Smithsonian Institute | 30. Indian Head |
| 15. Arlington House | 23. Patent Office | 31. Maryland Point |
| 16. Chain Bridge | 24. General Post Office | 32. Port Tobacco |
| 33. Forts Scott, Albany, Runyon, Richardson, Craig, Woodbury, Corcoran, Bennett, &c. | | |

behalf of Semmes that results in great harm: the blighting of Jane's life, the deaths of three people, the emotional trauma of Lacy, the sudden whitening of her hair, her madness. In her bold decisiveness so oblivious to consequences is a bizarre parallelism to the impulsive behavior of her husband.

With a chilling readiness and aplomb Father Monahan and the nuns throw the weight of religion behind a questionable convention of decorous virtue and honor as they cooperate with Susan to remove Jane from her secular life.

In the name of a traditional sense of honor Semmes murders Yellow Jim. As horrible as George Posey's murder of Semmes is, we must remember that George acted on strong, immediate feelings: Semmes had just shot George's half-brother. Lacy emphasizes that Semmes was acting coolly, from the mind, not the emotions. In a similar predicament, at the tournament, when honor was the motive, George contrived *not* to be subservient to the code and instead used quick ingenuity to avoid killing Langton.

Lacy's experience with waking nightmare has taught him that, in times of stress, the Buchans cannot invoke their intricate formalities, their patterned modes of civilization, to guide them aright. To take civilization as the normative view is to emasculate this book, to tame it. *The Fathers*

belongs with those books designed to terrify and horrify, with *Moby Dick*, *Heart of Darkness*, *Absalom, Absalom!*, and *Miss Lonelyhearts*, studies of strange and unsettling moral ambiguity. Allen Tate will not let you find a refuge in anything. Virtue is always qualified or counteracted. George Posey is the author of terrible wrong, but in all his acts that lead to disaster there is some irreducible component of courage or hearty self-confidence or healthy ability to act without consulting danger or weighing negative consequences, and absolute immunity to the paralysis that afflicts cautious people, who ponder the alternatives and speculate about long-range self-interest. He is a more glamorous and more intelligent version of Jewel Bundren, a heroic man of swift action in crises.

It will not do to read *The Fathers* simply as an account of the great disruption caused by the Civil War. The personality of George Posey and its influence upon Lacy are the center, and the war provides the context for Lacy's discovery that irrationality governs in human life and that the necessity to act in a condition of imperfect knowledge or even of ignorance is unrelenting. In the implied aversion to paralyzed will, the book is like Allen Tate's most famous poem, "Ode to the Confederate Dead." George Posey is astonishingly at home "in that orient of the thick-and-fast."

CONSULTANTS' CHOICE

Books of Verse Selected by Eight Former Poetry Consultants and the Present Consultant

by William Meredith

Last November I wrote to a number of my predecessors and asked them to send me the names of one or two volumes of poetry, preferably books published in 1978, which they thought well enough of to want to call attention to. I expressed my hope that they would write a paragraph or two of appreciation, but said that I would undertake that if they would rather send simply their nominations. "This is probably the easiest way to promote a book you will be offered this year," I wrote to my distinguished colleagues, assuming that they find reviewing as hard as I do.

The results constitute the following omnibus review. Scale and format vary widely, but one thing is constant: all the books cited—from the

exuberant five books Richard Eberhart commends to the exact choice of one book apiece by Josephine Jacobsen, William Stafford, and James Dickey—represent a kind of professional enthusiasm of poets for favorite works expressed, except in the case of the few books I have commented on for them, in their own words. The seventeen books are arranged alphabetically by author.



Looking into the Fire, by Spencer Brown. The Elizabeth Press. \$3.

Selected by Howard Nemerov, Consultant in Poetry, 1963-64, whose comment was: "It's full of sweetness and strength, technically masterful in a way we have so nearly lost, and deserves to be better known."

Looking into the Fire is a collection of narrative and reflective poems written as though nothing

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good or bad had happened to American poetry since Robert Frost or Stephen Vincent Benét. The virtues of lucid story-telling, pentameter energy, honest American idiom spoken at its own pace, are consistently present. There is a little thrill of nostalgia—could poets and readers have once lain down so peaceably together? Here are some lines from the title poem, poetry used as graceful discourse:

I stare at the docile flames and see cats' eyes,
Owls' eyes, in matted sparks on the back brick.
I sniff a suspicion of the resin-smoke
That outdoors floats up incense to the sky,
Hoping such unintended sacrifice
Perhaps will save me. All men fear the sun;
Fear, fear of it is the beginning of wisdom.
At hottest noon the round air's meshes capture
Most of the beams of Mr. Principal;
Else were his love loosed roaring on the world.
Sunset and dawn—when light crawls redly through
A blanket lengthwise, baffled by dusty air—
We can see directly.

With Frost, Spencer Brown shares the understanding of how deeply humor lends stress to American speech. The jokes in his tragic poems are *at odds* with the tragedy, that is their irony. We are caught off guard, in the poem called "The Land Mine," when the children are crushed by the root-mass of a blown-down tree returning to its socket after the fathers of the children have sawed off most of the bole:

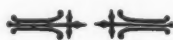
with another hundredweight removed
The twelve-foot stump stood up with a crushed noise.

We are caught off guard, the way the fathers are, because we have been deceived about the tone of life itself. We have taken that tone from a sense of humor designed to keep us stoic, but whose stoicism has become too easy.

"It's an ill-wind that blows nobody wood," one of the fathers has said, shortly before. It's a matter-of-fact and fearful poem, not unlike Frost's "'Out, Out . . .'" in tone. I think Frost might have liked it.

There's a very funny parody of doctoral scholarship in our day which confirms the saving grace of these low-keyed poems, the grace of self-humor accompanying mockery. I expect Spencer Brown needs that resource to live with the neglect of his wildly unfashionable, civilized poems.

WM



The Constant God, by Henry Chapin. William L. Bauhan, Publisher. \$4.95.

Selected and reviewed by William Meredith. These remarks (Copyright © 1978 William Meredith) constitute a brief foreword to *The Constant God*.

Can we agree first of all that to write a good poem is miracle enough, and that to do so in your early teens or in your mid-eighties does not compound the miracle? Precocity and postcosity are not miracles—in a wiser culture, they might very well be the norms. In Henry Chapin's case, there is a proper interest in the theme of age, and in a linguistic perspective his age affords. The experience of old age is recounted in such a way that younger readers cannot but feel recognition. The vividness of this experience is a function of ageless curiosity, an emotion named frequently in the book, an emotion almost obsessive:

For that foolhardy innocent, the artist,
it's always dawn, always what next.
Mud underfoot, the slash of wilderness,
serpents draining across his path,
voices proclaiming doom, only excite
his childish wonder. Makeway. Let him pass.

The other interest arising from Henry Chapin's being eighty-four is that he is one of the last poets writing about our world in a language acquired in an earlier one. A poet learns to name his feelings in the language he assimilates during his first quarter century. What he says and hears said, what he reads, gives him a lexicon and a voice. Or rather, he finds among those words the ways of saying things he knows for his own. For if it were not for the powerful element of affinity, contemporaries like Hardy, Hopkins, and Bridges would sound alike.

The poets like Henry Chapin who assembled their word-hoards in the first twenty years of this century—MacLeish, Graves, Basil Bunting are among the ones still writing—sometimes say things about our world that we do not have the language for ourselves.

The opening line of the book, "There was plenty of light when I went walking," finds Adam naming the world in an authentic language which will go out, alas, with Chapin's generation. The closing lines of the book, the poet's refrain of thanksgiving, fold the image in a diction no one younger could come by honestly:

I raise my glass. . . .
to you, invisible master of the globe
for those now gone and those that still live on,
who in their turn, break crust and drink your wine.

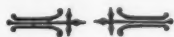
Even a poet twenty-five years younger, me, couldn't make those lines stick, wouldn't try to. But that's because my first quarter century was in another world. Certain contemporaries of Henry Chapin's (who could not have influenced his first language because they weren't published—Eliot and Tate, specifically) contributed values and taboos to mine. I had an affinity for those values and taboos and they are mine. In consequence, here are two poems I am forever forbidden to write, much as I'd like to. One has a charm of natural eroticism, the other an edge of natural indignation, which would have been the despair of John Berryman or Randall Jarrell, my two favorite contemporaries. They are my mild despair. But you can't be everybody. And after such knowledge as we've had, Mr. Eliot might have asked, what naturalness? I quote the two little gems and then make way for elders and betters.

To Her Belly

I know what's lurking
within that lovely pasture—
small chromosomes,
eyes over edge of their fans—
watching and waiting.
Shall I send in pell-mell
the swimmers, the pursuers?

New Planet

Rejoice brave spacemen.
Beneath God's footstool
your billion dollar shit
revolves immortal
in the frigid void.



Orchard Lamps, by Ivan Drach, a collaborative translation from the Ukrainian, edited and introduced by Stanley Kunitz. With woodcuts by Jacques Hnizdovsky. Sheep Meadow Press. \$9.95.

Selected and reviewed by Stanley Kunitz, Consultant in Poetry, 1974-76.

This collection introduces the outstanding contemporary Ukrainian poet, a master of phonetic harmonies and symphonic effects, a

visionary capable of making even the homeliest objects radiant. "My strongest horse," Drach has remarked, "is fantasy of soul. My horse of reality is weaker, but it keeps me from flying out of sight." Drach's Slavic mysticism is unlike anything we have heard from other modern Russian poets.

The following three paragraphs are from Stanley Kunitz's introduction to *Orchard Lamps* (Copyright © 1978 Sheep Meadow Press).

Ivan Drach was born October 17, 1936, on a collective farm in the village of Telizhenci, about a hundred miles from Kiev. His father worked in a beet sugar refinery (see "Father"); his mother labored on the farm. Ivan, who was a precocious child, attended the local school. His most vivid early recollections, he says, are of "green, sun, soil, screams, and the madness of war." The German invasion left an indelible imprint on him, as it did on all his generation. The conquerors came with their planes and tanks and torches. He saw the storm troopers bathing and frolicking in the spring from which the village drew its drinking water and learned the meaning of the word "pollution." His native roots run deep. He has a peasant's feeling about the sacredness of water and bread. Reading him, one is never in any doubt as to where his human sympathies lie. His poems are steeped in local color and folk memory, but they have a universal resonance that permits them to travel far beyond the Dnieper. "Nothing is closer to us," he says, "than our tears."

Drach's beginnings as a poet help us define his range. In the desolate aftermath of war his imagination was stirred, as if out of Homeric mists, by wandering minstrels, blind or crippled old Cossacks, who sang of better times and heroic deeds in the village square, to the accompaniment of the lute-like bandura, or improvised rhyming chronicles of the latest news. Among his other influences he names the Ukrainian national poet Taras Shevchenko, Pushkin, Whitman, and Neruda. Two older Kiev poets, Mykola Bazhan and Pavlo Tychyna, anticipated some of his themes and paved the way for his experiments in sound and form. Drach also acknowledges his debt to Goya, Picasso, and Chagall, as artists who excited his visual imagination. He has translated Lorca,

with whom he claims some affinity, and numerous other modern poets from several different languages.

Drach became famous with the publication in 1960 of his first collection, *Sunflower*. The title-poem, which has remained inseparable from his name, crystallizes his essential verve and originality. From its opening lines it is daringly anthropomorphic, and yet it seems to me totally right and believable. Could I ever perceive a sunflower again without recalling how Drach's "hopped on one foot/ to shake the water out of his ear" and looked up at the sun "with its golden spindrift of curls,/ the beautiful tanned sun/ in a red shirt that reached to its knees"? For Drach, that solar fire is both real and symbolic, one of the keys to the central world of his creation:

Poetry, my orange sun!
Every minute some boy
finds you for himself
and changes to a sunflower forever.

In another luminous poem, "Bread," when the hot loaf is withdrawn from the oven, "the whitewashed house glows/ with the fragrant sun on the table." Drach's mind generates so much light that he is capable of making even the homeliest objects radiant. The pears in a common galvanized pail are transformed into "sun's rivals, orchard lamps,/ souls exiled from the republic of juices/ and gathered up into aprons in the night of pear-falling." And the pail itself announces a miracle: "When I lie empty the whole length of the day,/ then I am filled to my brim with sky."

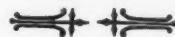


Teachings, by David Fisher. Ross Books. \$8.95 cloth, \$2.95 paper.

Selected and reviewed by William Meredith.

Until he received the William Carlos Williams Award of the Poetry Society of America last December, David Fisher was a relatively unknown poet (and who can be unknown than a poet?). His appearance at the Folger Library to receive the award and read a few poems was the beginning of a correction of that general unawareness of a brilliant young talent. Fisher

writes poems that are powerful, colloquial, immediately accessible. This small book won the Williams Award "for the best book of poetry published by a small press, not-for-profit press or university press," but the talent in it is writ large.



Fourteen Women, by Richard Harteis. Three Rivers Press. \$2.75.

Selected and reviewed by Josephine Jacobsen, Consultant in Poetry, 1971-73.

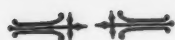
There are a number of reasons for my choosing Richard Harteis's *Fourteen Women* as the collection of poems to which I would like to call attention this year. The most persuasive, for me, is their nature and purpose—that of the dramatic monologue. This form, once vital in the hands of Robinson and Frost, seems largely to have disappeared, often being replaced by its ailing cousin, the self-therapy avowal.

Richard Harteis has given the form a stunning comeback. His fourteen poems of women in various predicaments are exciting, funny, and moving. One never feels that the women have been chosen because of a preordained situation exploitable by the poet. Instead, they have stumbled into this action as we all stumble: unexpectedly.

The women range from an alcoholic invalid, to a hospital nurse caught in a desperate situation, to the mother of Jesus, to a TV talk-show hostess, to a tough-minded country woman. The angle is right, the vision is clear, and the control is there.

There is no pomposity, and the most impressive lines are tense with life and straight on their target: the brain surgeon, operating on a child's tumor, "robbed the brain of its un/natural growth more gingerly/ than a serpent in a bird's nest..."; the moment before a young girl's crucial storm, finds "...thunder booming,/ the trees swooning, and shedding their limbs,/ but still no rain." And—a rare gift—the tragic and the comic here are integrated into that simultaneity with which we are so helplessly familiar.

This is mature, imaginative work from a young poet. That's good news.



Tenebrae, by Geoffrey Hill. Andre Deutsch, London, and Houghton Mifflin. £2.50UK; \$7.95 cloth, \$4.50 paper.

Selected by Howard Nemerov, Consultant in Poetry, 1963-64, who writes: "it's a harsh, honest and bitterly loving work."

Tenebrae, a small book of poems by Geoffrey Hill, is one of the most beautifully crafted works of recent years. The very attention to diction and form seems the recovery of a lost art, as if a modern painter had recaptured Ducio's astonishment at what paint can do. Behind the words, we see the shapes of lucid mysteries. We realize again how old and beautiful the monuments of English language and English verse are.

Because these poems are Christian and exceedingly intelligent, resemblances that come to mind are Eliot and Auden. But Hill is not as intellectually clinical as Auden—he can give an emotion its sensual authority without irony:

Music survives, composing her own sphere,
Angel of Tones, Medusa, Queen of the Air,
and when we would accost her with real cries
silver on silver thrills itself to ice.

And when he speaks of spiritual matters, he is not as mystifying as Eliot. He seems less reticent, more willing to reveal the personal particulars of his own experience, to bear personal witness, than Eliot. As with Hopkins, the religious predicament is rendered so dramatic that it acts as metaphor, whether the reader is of the faith or simply of the predicament:

Requite this angel whose
flushed and thirsting face
stoops to the sacrifice
out of which it arose.
This is the lord Eros
of grief who pities
no one; it is
Lazarus with his sores.

As it happens, these two quotations are the final and opening sections of the title poem, respectively. The book is alternately dramatic and meditative, in short lyric units of great formal beauty. The three poets I have compared Hill with are not out of range of comparison.

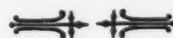
It is a comfort, in fact, to this reviewer that Hill's English admirers, quoted on the jacket of the London edition, are not much more specific in their praise. The language is "superbly burnished." "Geoffrey Hill is, as anyone who has made the effort to read him understands, a magnificent poet." "The best poet writing in England. . . . He makes exquisite, immaculate music." Casual criticism is not used to dealing with works of such perfection. Howard Nemerov's few words perhaps deal with the book adequately. WM



Spectral Emanations: New and Selected Poems, by John Hollander. Atheneum. \$12.50 cloth, \$7.95 paper.

Selected by Robert Penn Warren, Consultant in Poetry, 1944-45, who wrote: "From the first Hollander has shown wit and virtuosity, but his more recent work springs from greater emotional and intellectual depth and bears a truly significant personal imprint." Daniel Hoffman also recommends this book.

Opening with a long new poem, whose title the book bears, this selection of poems establishes the claim which Robert Penn Warren makes for it with eight other new poems, before unfolding, in the reverse of their chronology, Hollander's selections from six other books of poems, ending with five poems from the book which W.H. Auden chose in 1958 for the Yale Series of Younger Poets, *A Crackling of Thorns*. The poems give the strongest possible account of this intelligent and lyric gift, and should help bring John Hollander's reputation nearer to the importance it has earned. WM



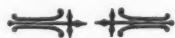
Mirabell: Books of Number, by James Merrill. Atheneum. \$10.95.

Selected and reviewed by Richard Eberhart, Consultant in Poetry, 1959-61.

James Merrill's *Mirabell: Books of Number* reminds me of vermeil-tinctured Benlowes but he

carries style much further in a verbal fireworks and language-refreshment without parallel in our times. I was reproached by the capitals but assume it another Proustian subtlety, aside, and witticism on capitalism. What he has to say is extremely valuable to contemporary poetry, the brisk intellection, the entrancing verbal subtleties and trickeries, the large scale of meaning, the denseness, the compactness, the openings, abbreviations, monologues of a thinking: being thinking, the vitality of original expression and expressions.

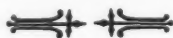
We call Joyce great but it is considered that nobody will out-Joyce Joyce and that he wrote a dead-end of language. A big corpse and corpus of dead life. Some would not agree to this evaluation. I bring up whether Merrill's startling innovations, his encrusted, bejeweled, Gothic, ornate style represents a dead-end of present poetic feeling, or offers a new way for poetry. He is young and may have even richer intoxicants to offer us. I do not answer my own question, but state that it is a joy to inhale, ingest, and evaluate the extraordinary achievement of James Merrill. It seems that this kind of style, by getting farther away from life, actually gets closer to it. The poetic sky is emblazoned by new psychic manifestations. Reading Merrill is like the roar of an air-boat in Florida going through the sludge of fifteen square miles of iridescent lily pads.



A Dress of Fire, by Dahlia Ravikovich, translated from the Hebrew by Chana Bloch. Sheep Meadow Press. \$7.95.

Selected and reviewed by Stanley Kunitz, Consultant in Poetry, 1974-76.

Lyrics of rare purity and poignance by one of the leading voices of the younger generation of Israeli poets. "She speaks with authority, with a piercing wisdom about what happens 'when people break.'"—Chana Bloch. An extraordinarily moving experience.



Weathering: Poems and Translations, by Alastair Reid. Dutton. \$7.95.

Selected and reviewed by Richard Eberhart, Consultant in Poetry, 1959-61.

Alastair Reid, a Scot, can use rhyme, but well, and not obtrusively. Also half-rhyme. These itinerant poems cover a lot of ground. They are lyrical, gentle, smooth, and delectable. About nature, love, "My Father, Dying," they have grace, charm, and wit. He is good on dogs, cats, frogs, birds, and "weathering." "Weathering is what I would like to do well." These clean, neat, musical, lovely-spirited, and pleasure-giving poems are fortified with translations of poems by Pacheco, Neruda, and Borges.



Collected Poems, by Muriel Rukeyser. McGraw-Hill. \$17.50.

Selected and reviewed by James Dickey, Consultant in Poetry, 1966-68.

I would cite Muriel Rukeyser's *Collected Poems*, mainly because Ms. Rukeyser is not afraid of her own emotions, is not cool and cynical about her own suffering or that of others, and because she is not afraid of being rhapsodic. I like her sense of going-beyond, her passion, and her imaginative concern with others and her identification with them by means of an all-out verbal act.



The Late Hour, by Mark Strand. Atheneum. \$3.95.

Selected by Robert Penn Warren, Consultant in Poetry, 1944-45.

Mark Strand is the poet of evocations: he makes strategies of words which catch, very exactly sometimes, moods we had forgotten we had known. From what he has said about the sources of his poems (in *The Story of Our Lives*, and elsewhere) we know that these are corner-of-the-eye visions of dreams and dream-memories, and that the poet trusts them to serve as coins for a commerce of mood. If not the

whole Jungian apparatus, at least the antennae which pick up its messages are seen as operating on a common human frequency. The confidence with which Mark Strand entrusts a poem to the subconscious of the reader is evident in a poem like this.

The Story

It is the old story: complaints about the moon
sinking into the sea, about stars in the first light fading,
about the lawn wet with dew, the lawn silver, the lawn cold.

It goes on and on: a man stares at his shadow
and says it's the ash of himself falling away, says his days
are the real black holes in space. But none of it's true.

You know the one I mean: it's the one about the minutes
dying,
and the hours, and the years; it's the story I tell
about myself, about you, about everyone.

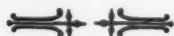
In *The Late Hour*, Strand has refined his technique so that even for the reader who resists it the poems are often inescapably lucid. The book confirms an original talent of great force. WM



New & Selected Things Taking Place, by May Swenson. Atlantic-Little, Brown. \$12.50 cloth, \$7.95 paper.

Selected by Howard Nemerov, Consultant in Poetry, 1963-64, who wrote the following comment (which appears on the dust jacket of the book). Richard Eberhart and Daniel Hoffman also spoke for this book. It is with some difficulty that the present consultant restrains himself from augmenting Mr. Nemerov's just praise for a remarkable book.

May Swenson's poems have had my affection for many years, not to mention a bit of my envy as well. Maybe no one, scientist or poet, has seen things—*New & Selected Things*—so clearly as she, and surely no one has made seeing and saying so nearly one.



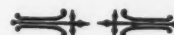
Nostalgia for the Present, by Andrei Voznesensky. Edited by Vera Dunham and Max Hayward, with forewords by Edward M. Kennedy and Arthur Miller (bilingual). Doubleday. \$10 cloth, \$4.95 paper.

Selected and reviewed by Richard Eberhart, Consultant in Poetry, 1959-61.

Andrei Voznesensky's are tough, exciting, realistic poems that have compassion from deep knowledge and understanding of the world. He feels responsibility to "The twenty-five hundred and fifteen/Poets of our federation." He says, in "An Ironical Elegy Born in Those Most Distressing Moments When—One Cannot Write," at the end of the poem, "And yet I trust my colleagues—," then the two lines above, and the ending, "They will write poems even if I can't;/They never go to pieces."

He is all in one piece in his elegant "Family Graveyard/To the Memory of Robert Lowell," a beautiful poem to hear him read, and to read oneself.

While usually not moralistic, Voznesensky in "Technology" says, "I'm a fellow traveler/of this technological revolution." And in "Pornography of the Mind," he will "Denounce striptease on the screen," "But what matters is the mind—/Down with pornography of the mind."



Now and Then: Poems 1976-78, by Robert Penn Warren. Random House.

Selected and reviewed by Richard Eberhart, Consultant in Poetry, 1959-61. \$8.95 cloth, \$4.95 paper.

Robert Penn Warren's new poems, and there are more to come, stand for height of consciousness, for direct communication which all readers can understand, for subtleties of awareness of many phases and facets of life, for vitality, intensity, and for wisdom, which he always had but has now even more tellingly in his late work. He has found a two-line stanza which he likes and uses frequently in poems of about the same length, say a page and a half. While realistic and earthy, Warren has a grasp of what I call the spirit. Always warmly human, wedded to time, place, state of being or mind, he can go so far as "an argument for prayer."

It is a poetry of great haleness and joy, while knowing all of despair and death, the futility of effort, and at the end of this enlivening, life-giving book he knows "a fierce impulse/To unwordable utterance—/Toward sunset, at a great height." He achieves the great height by naming it, but, while he has said it, to our applause and delight, may his utterances stay and accrete in

the realm of the wordable. May he not get to the last word, and keep on to yet untold recognitions and marvels of the spirit's possibilities.



Why God Permits Evil, by Miller Williams. Louisiana University Press. \$3.95.

Selected and reviewed by William Stafford, Consultant in Poetry, 1970-71.

Why God Permits Evil, by Miller Williams, came out in 1977, but my bookstand revolves slowly, and I've just got around to this book. It's like something you overhear, snatches of late talk at a party. It's vulgar and disturbing; it calls up from their dim corners those emergencies waiting to happen, and they surface with offhand power—with terror, with biting humor, with pain. You turn to look at the speaker, and you are looking into eyes that have seen what your eyes have seen. There is a long look that signals helpless understanding: you are sharing knowledge of the strangeness in inevitable things. Ultimately, the voice is reassuring, though; it can't save you or be heroic or brave, but you do have company. You have overheard someone you need in your life, someone who can see who you are and not turn away.



The Double Tree: Selected Poems 1942-1976, by Judith Wright. Houghton Mifflin. \$9.95 cloth, \$5.95 paper.

Selected and reviewed by William Jay Smith, Consultant in Poetry, 1968-70

It seems incredible that the work of Judith Wright has had to wait so long for publication in this country. Recognized for many years as the leading woman poet of Australia, she has written twelve books of poems which are known throughout the English-speaking world. She has published also an excellent historical novel based on her own pioneering forebears, *Generations of Men*. This selection of her poems, made with care and discernment by Jonathan Galassi and covering more than thirty years, should establish her unquestionably as one of the leading women poets of the century.

In the introduction to this book Judith Wright tells us that her family had been sheep farmers in Australia since the early nineteenth century. She herself was brought up in the New England country of New South Wales, and spent much of her life with her husband and daughter on a farm near Brisbane. After World War II, she helped to found a society for wildlife conservation, and served as its president from 1962 to 1975. "Poetry cannot be propaganda," she writes, "but it must spring from the central core of one's living and feeling." That central core for Judith Wright is intimately connected with the countryside that she knows and loves. The lives of the houses she remembers as a child centered around sheep, cattle, and horses, and the country, she says, "was deep in my bones, and I loved to look at it."

By looking with precision and intensity at the land, "these hills my father's father stripped," and at its flora and fauna, she has written nature poems that place her as an observer alongside D. H. Lawrence, Robert Frost, and Andrew Young. One of her books is called *Five Senses (The Forest)* and by bringing all her senses to bear "together into a meaning/all acts, all presences," she is able to write of birds and beasts in a truly memorable and moving way. But her poetry is more than just a record of all aspects of the Australian landscape. She is a poet who treats eternal subjects and attains a remarkable universality. It is perhaps her ability to use the abstract words "love," "death," "tree," and "dream" with a passionate directness that prompted her fellow Australian poet A. D. Hope to speak of her noble and sibylline qualities. But she is no prophetess preaching from a lonely, scarred Australian slope: she is in close touch with everyday reality and aware of a world that "holds every sort of weather."

In the final poem of the book, addressed to Derek Walcott, she speaks of the poet's mission:

Traherne said nothing had been loved as much
as it deserves. Though growing old I lament
too few answers to beauty's sight and touch,
too many words, I sit here now intent
on poetry's ancient vow to celebrate lovelong
life's wholeness, spring's return, the flesh's tune.

Judith Wright's celebrations in this magnificent and powerful collection will surely continue to find her more and more grateful readers far from her native shores.

A Fellowship in German Literature

Thomas Mann, Agnes Meyer, and Archibald MacLeish

by Kurt S. Maier

On February 11, 1933, Thomas Mann left Munich to go on a lecture tour of European capitals. In Zurich, warnings from friends and a telephone call from his daughter Erika and his son Klaus advised him of bad weather in the Reich, and Mann knew he could not return to Germany. For five years the Mann family lived in France and Switzerland, emigrating in 1938 to the United States, where the novelist accepted a teaching appointment at Princeton University.

In April 1941 the Manns moved to Los Angeles and had a house built for them at Pacific Palisades. Along with other German exiles in Los Angeles and Hollywood—including his brother Heinrich Mann, Franz Werfel, Bruno Walter, Arnold Schoenberg, Max Reinhardt, Theodor W. Adorno, Lion Feuchtwanger, and Bertolt Brecht—Thomas Mann waited out the war years in California.

Unlike other émigré writers and artists in the United States during World War II, Mann

found his years in exile to be neither lonely nor difficult. The Nobel laureate was surrounded by family and friends and his writings continued to provide him with a steady if reduced income. He was not a stranger to this country. He had made two lecture trips to the United States in 1934, and, on a third tour in 1937, he had established an enduring friendship with one of his American readers.

Agnes Elizabeth Meyer (née Ernst) had admired Mann's works for many years before she met him. Born in New York City of a German Protestant family, she early learned the German language and became familiar with German literature and philosophy. In her autobiography, *Out of These Roots*, she writes that her home was in "the burgher tradition which Thomas Mann describes in *Buddenbrooks*, sober, ethical, restrained, hard-working, yet full of gaiety, music and romantic idealism."¹

She recalls her first meeting with Thomas Mann: "His very appearance was familiar to me as he looks not unlike a sophisticated version of some of my mother's relatives, North German sailors and sea captains who visited us from time to time when their ships landed near New York."²

Kurt S. Maier is a student of German literature and library science, a graduate of Columbia University, who now works in the German Section of the Shared Cataloging Division.

Thomas Mann. Photograph by Florence Homolka. The photographer was the daughter of Eugene and Agnes Meyer and a frequent visitor at the Mann home in Pacific Palisades. Agnes Meyer Collection, Prints and Photographs Division.



The correspondence between Mann and Agnes Meyer began in 1937 when she translated one of Mann's essays for the *Washington Post*, the newspaper then owned by her husband, Eugene Meyer. The article was syndicated in other American newspapers. A few months later, Mann asked her to translate his seventy-page declaration of faith: *The Coming Victory of Democracy*.³

As a recent immigrant, Mann turned to Agnes Meyer for advice on American politics. In a letter from Princeton in 1939, he asked her whether she thought he should accept an invitation to speak in Washington for the "American Council against Nazi Propaganda." Mann was concerned that his comments might embarrass the American government.

With their wealth and influence, Eugene and Agnes Meyer helped Thomas Mann in many ways. They donated \$2,000 to help keep afloat the journal *Mass und Wert*, founded by Mann during his Swiss exile. The Meyers interceded at the White House and the State Department in behalf of the Manns and scattered members of their family as well as other refugees trapped in Europe. Above all, Agnes Meyer worked unceasingly to keep Mann's name before the

American public and to make sure that book reviewers received his works.

For seventeen years (until his death) Mann kept up an active correspondence with his American "Freundin." Agnes Meyer later donated over three hundred of Mann's letters to her to the Thomas Mann Collection at Yale University.⁴ For the researcher studying Mann's works during his American exile, these letters are the richest source of information about the author's conception of the last of the Joseph novels and of *Dr. Faustus*, *The Holy Sinner*, *The Black Swan*, and *Felix Krull*.⁵ It was with Agnes Meyer as with no other correspondent during this period that Mann shared his innermost thoughts, his triumphs, and his tragedies.

Agnes Meyer's association with the Library of Congress began in the 1920s. She took an active interest in the Library's collections and its administration and corresponded with Librarian of Congress Herbert Putnam. In 1929 she was named to the Library's Trust Fund Board. Upon the appointment of Archibald MacLeish, Agnes Meyer's relationship with the Librarian became less formal, since she had long known MacLeish and felt great affection for the poet-Librarian. Eugene and Agnes Meyer financed



Agnes Meyer. Mann's faithful correspondent devoted much of her time during the early 1940s to writing about the home front in America and Britain for the *Washington Post*. From Merlo J. Pusey, *Eugene Meyer* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1974). Copyright © 1974 by Merlo J. Pusey.

the "Poet in a Democracy" public readings, initiated by MacLeish in 1941. These programs in the Coolidge Auditorium brought poets together with their audiences.

In the early 1940s, MacLeish responded to the appeal of the Emergency Committee in Aid of Displaced Foreign Scholars and the Rockefeller Foundation which sought to find positions for émigrés from Europe. On his own initiative, MacLeish invited the French statesman-poet Alexis St. Léger Léger (Saint-John Perse) and other prominent scholars to the Library. Agnes Meyer proposed that Thomas Mann be included among them.

The day after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, Thomas Mann sent his acceptance to MacLeish. He wrote that he was elated "to be included now, officially so to speak, in the cultural life of this new homeland. . . . You may feel convinced that I shall take very seriously my connection with the Library of Congress and duties arising from it" and that he felt deep gratitude in this "grave hour which still ties us faster to this country fighting for freedom and human right."⁶ A few days later Mann sent a telegram to Agnes Meyer expressing his gratitude for the appointment, concluding by saying "God Bless America."⁷

Mann's duties as set forth in a memorandum from Verner W. Clapp, administrative assistant to the Librarian, were:

1. To be in Washington for not more than two weeks out of the year.
2. To give at least one lecture at the Library on the subject of [his] consultantship at sometime during [his] two weeks' residence here.
3. To be subject to call for advice and information in connection with our collections of Germanic literature.⁸



Thomas Mann and Eugene Meyer. The novelist called the Meyer home on Crescent Place "a center of the city's social life." Agnes Meyer Collection, Prints and Photographs Division.

Clapp apologized to Mann for the forms and questionnaires that needed to be filled out before he could be put on the Library payroll. He also offered to send Library stationery. Mann put the paper to good use; its eventual return to the Library was to come in the form of a surprising dividend.

Agnes Meyer agreed to fund Mann's annual salary of \$4,800. On the Library's payroll records the source was noted as coming from "a friend of the Library." MacLeish, struggling with a wartime budget, wrote her: "I think you are an angel and I hope sometime Thomas Mann will find out just where the wings are."⁹

The fluttering of the wings must have been loud enough to have reached Mann's ears. On January 30, 1942, he wrote to his benefactor that he was amazed at discovering the origin of the Library fund. "It was beautiful, it was grand that you did it—nevertheless: ought you to have done it?" A few lines later: "By the way, Archie has not begun to pay."¹⁰

Less than a month later, Mann wrote: "Archie has sent a check for two months, as I must mention with appreciation. Since he hit on the brilliant idea of my appointment, 'economic problems' no longer exist for me."¹¹

Only on rare occasions did the Library consult Mann on questions concerning the German collection. His major assignment was to deliver an annual lecture, and to this task T.M. applied himself with typical energy. MacLeish proposed the subject of Mann's first lecture in 1942: the Joseph novels. Agnes Meyer wrote to Verner Clapp of Mann's reaction to the topic: "[He] feels it would be egotistical for him to claim the attention of an audience for his own work at a time when our whole energy is directed toward defending our country. . . ."¹² Nevertheless, Mann agreed to deliver the lecture on November 17, 1942.

Clapp called on Stephen Vincent Benét and Alfred A. Knopf to draw up a guest list. President and Mrs. Roosevelt and other members of the government and leading writers and publishers of the day were invited. The presidential family during the wartime crises of 1942 could not attend, however. Mann had already met the president for the second time in 1941, the meeting having been arranged by Eugene Meyer. On that occasion, by mixing cocktails for Mann and

his wife in the family quarters while the other dinner guests waited downstairs, the president indicated to the Manns that they belonged to the inner circle. The novelist's meetings with the president had a profound effect on him. Mann admitted in an interview that FDR is portrayed in *Joseph the Provider*: "My conception of Joseph was in part distilled from my personal acquaintance with Franklin Roosevelt. And my view of Joseph's administration in Egypt has some traces of my impression of the New Deal."¹³

Agnes Meyer wanted the 1942 lecture to be memorable. She wrote to MacLeish:

It sounds as if it will be a remarkable occasion, and merely to extract from him such an essay on his own work will justify his appointment. Ought we not to invite some of the literary lights from N.Y. and other points and get as much kudos for the Library as such an event warrants. You could invite them to my house to meet him after the lecture.¹⁴

MacLeish introduced Vice President Wallace, who in turn presented Mann. To Mann's regret, the comments of the first two speakers were not included in the official publication of the lecture. He wrote the Librarian that they "would have made the little book into a more perfect document of memory of the Joseph evening."¹⁵

The missing introductions are preserved on recordings in the Motion Picture, Broadcasting, and Recorded Sound Division at the Library. MacLeish addressed himself particularly to the many writers present in the audience in introducing Mann:

A number of years ago when Dr. Mann first came to this country, I had the very great honor of welcoming him on behalf of American writers, who felt—as writers in all countries and in all tongues must feel—that in welcoming him one welcomes one's master. And the great honor also of welcoming in him one of the figures of our time who had most clearly and most gallantly stated the dreadful and mortal issue upon which this war must be fought and is now, thank God, being fought. An issue which he, as much as any man now living, has drawn.

Tonight I have the great honor of welcoming him also in another capacity, the capacity in which I myself take great pride, his capacity as consultant to the Library of Congress in German literature—a great literature which no evil, no obfuscation, no hatred, no venom can ever destroy, because it lives in men like Thomas Mann.

But even in welcoming him here under those terms I

Program for Mann's 1947 lecture as Fellow in Germanic Literature at the Library of Congress. Library of Congress Archives.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



Thomas

Mann

I. INTRODUCTION

DAVID BAUMGARDT[†]

Consultant in Philosophy
The Library of Congress

David Baumgardt

Luther H. Evans

II. ADDRESS

*Nietzsche's Philosophy in the Light of
Contemporary Events*

THOMAS MANN[†]

Fellow in Germanic Literature in
The Library of Congress

THE COOLIDGE AUDITORIUM

TUESDAY EVENING, APRIL 29, 1947

AT 8:30 O'CLOCK

cannot forbear saying for myself and for the many writers who are in this audience who have come from many parts of this country to pay honor, as I do, to Thomas Mann that I remember as I remember few things in this world the places and the times in which I read his books. I remember where I read *Tonio Kröger*—and when. I remember where I read *Disorder and Early Sorrow*, which even translated into our English tongue is the great short story of this time. I remember the weeks when I read *The Magic Mountain*. And, for the writers who are here, I wish to say to Thomas Mann that he is to all of us our master.¹⁶

The vice president spoke of Mann as the writer in exile who had come to the "Chosen Land." In a lengthy introduction which drew on biblical parallels, Wallace said that Mann had the rare ability to merge the antinomies of statecraft, religion, and art.

Writing seven years later, Mann vividly recalled the gathering at the Meyer home on Crescent Place following the lecture: "I talked chiefly with men in whom I placed much confidence, who held high positions in the Roosevelt administration: Wallace and Attorney General Francis Biddle."¹⁷ Mann expressed his concern to the attorney general about the restrictions imposed upon "enemy aliens" living in the United States. German exiles had to report their movements to the FBI. In California, Mann had seen anti-Japanese signs saying "Enemy Aliens Keep Out!" posted in restaurants, reminding him of Nazi Germany's "Aryans Only!"¹⁸

Mann had been active in behalf of aliens before he met the attorney general. Together with Albert Einstein, Count Carlo Sforza, Arturo Toscanini, and others, he had sent a telegram to President Roosevelt protesting the designation "Aliens of Enemy Nationality," which subjected them to restrictions directed against fifth columnists.

In March 1942, Mann testified in Los Angeles before a congressional committee investigating the government's policy toward nationals from the Axis countries. Mann described himself as a "friendly alien." His own position was different from that of other aliens. After the Nazis stripped Mann of his German citizenship, Eduard Benes, the president of Czechoslovakia, granted him citizenship, and Mann therefore entered the United States on a Czech passport. Testifying with Mann was another exiled novelist, Bruno Frank. He pointed out the ludicrous consequences of the American government's regulations, citing the case of Tosca-

nini, who had had to obtain permission to travel from New York to Philadelphia, where he went to give a concert on behalf of the war effort.¹⁹

The success of Mann's 1942 lecture coupled with Agnes Meyer's offer to once more assume the role of financial angel prompted MacLeish to inform Mann that a renewal of his contract was made possible "by the generosity of certain friends of the Library." In the same letter MacLeish added that the term "'Consultant' has not accurately described the relationship in which you stand to us, and it is, besides, an unamiable word in itself. The relationship in which we should wish you to stand, is that of a Fellow of the Library of Congress in Germanic Literature. Will you be willing to accept this change in title?"²⁰

In a letter to Agnes Meyer, informing her of the new designation, Mann altered the Library letterhead to read: "The Fellow in Germanic Literature."

The harmonious relationship of Mann, Meyer, and MacLeish began to be troubled, however, by gossip in newspaper reports. A letter in the *New York Herald Tribune* on April 29, 1943, informed the editor that "a great friend of the Mann family, Mr. Archibald MacLeish, has endowed Mr. Thomas Mann with a stipend of \$9,000 a year for some work in the Library of Congress that can be done in California." MacLeish replied in the *Tribune* on May 3, declaiming any personal financial help. He wrote: "The fact is, however, that the Fellowship was not endowed by me but by friends of the Library of Congress and that the stipend is not \$9,000 nor, unfortunately, anything like that amount."

Referring to the original item in the *Tribune*, Mann informed MacLeish:

I cannot suppress the feeling that it expresses disapproval of our arrangement on the part of American Public Opinion, or at least a section of it. I fear that you feel personally accused by the charge of corruption, favoritism and dissipation of money implied in the letter. Therefore I want you to feel perfectly free—also for the sake of my own dignity—to sever my connection with the Library, and to inform the Press about it, with the explanation that I myself had insisted upon the severance in view of the public objection.²¹

Some weeks later, Mann confided to Agnes Meyer that he would not have offered to resign had he seen MacLeish's letter to the *Tribune*, and more importantly, had he known that the instigator was a Smith College student who had

been in difficulties with the school more than once.

Mann's letters during his American period were often bitter. Yet a study of his collected correspondence reveals that he was not the type of man to seek a quarrel. Indeed, he endured many attacks and aspersions, especially from political groups which had failed to win him to their cause.

The novelist's frayed nerves were a result of his being an exile, a refugee. In spite of his highly placed connections with American leaders, Mann knew that he had been spared the terror of Nazi-occupied Europe because of the generosity of the American government. Whereas an American author might have shrugged off the *Tribune* letter, Mann, the proud exile—proud because he had chosen emigration rather than cooperation with the Nazis—was stung by the attacks on him and his family.

Thomas Mann perhaps felt himself also under too great an obligation to his benefactor. Besides donating the Library salary, Agnes Meyer sent the Mann family gifts on every occasion. At one point in 1943, strains were becoming evident in their correspondence. Mann was angered because he felt she showed little appreciation for the accomplishments of his sons, and their letters became filled with recriminations and threatened to end. But Mann, in a cavalier gesture, wrote a conciliatory letter: "Most certainly all bickering and quarreling must end; I am determined to end it, for it is destroying both of us. Much of it, in the past and now again, is probably due to my way of writing letters, to which I bring a certain linguistic passion."²²

In a letter to the novelist's son Golo, serving with the U.S. Army in Alabama, Agnes Meyer referred to her recent quarrel with his father:

I cannot help realizing now and then how really difficult it is for him to accept from any woman a relationship that is democratic not only in mind but also in heart. He is always reminding me how old he is (I think in self-defense) but actually he has more elasticity than most young people and, as far as his art is concerned, I am convinced that he is at the height of his powers.²³

Determined to teach Mann further lessons in democracy, she sent him corrections for a speech he planned to give in English with this comment:

What will shock an American audience is your statement that you understand democracy as charity handed down from above. The fact that you call it goodness does not change the fact that it is charity. Such a concept is *anti*-democratic for democracy is nothing if it is not interaction of experience, and every American would realize in your attitude, the lasting effects of German subjectivity, with its isolating influences that make for egocentricity.²⁴

In 1949, Mann became once more entangled in controversy when Professor Henri Peyre of Yale's French department attacked his article "What is Germany?" which appeared in the May *Atlantic Monthly*. Mann replied in October, denying that he sought a "soft peace" for Germany or at heart was still the diehard Prussian he had been during World War I, which Peyre had charged. Before the original article had appeared Mann had written to Agnes Meyer that he feared it would be misinterpreted as a "plea for a soft peace."²⁵ His intuition had been right.

Edward A. Weeks, editor of the *Atlantic*, wrote MacLeish: "Thomas Mann has defended himself so magnificently against the personal attack of that professor in New Haven that I want you to see advance proofs without a moment's delay. Pat him on the back!"²⁶ Mann's reply as printed in the proofs demonstrated that Peyre had based his attack on secondhand sources, but the final version as it appeared in the *Atlantic* had significant passages deleted.

Sensing the novelist's frustration, MacLeish replied to Weeks:

I can imagine how difficult it is for a man living here as an exile to face the blasts of ill-will. It is not fun, even for those of us who belong here and have something within ourselves and within the country to retreat to. . . . Only you can judge how long a controversy ought to be continued in the *Atlantic* and how far the *Atlantic's* pages ought to lend themselves to Mann's enemies.²⁷

Weeks answered that it was against the *Atlantic's* policy to suppress controversy. MacLeish replied that it was not his intention that letters to the editor be suppressed. He explained, however:

What troubled me was the continuation of the attacks. As Mann himself very well pointed out, he is now in a position which great writers and great artists frequently occupy, of being lion's meat on which the jackals feed in an effort to make lions of themselves. Among the jackals there may be a few young lion cubs who have a right to the ration.²⁸

It was during the period of the *Atlantic Monthly* controversy that Mann, who never lost his affection for the Library, sent MacLeish an

Mann rarely let himself be photographed without coat and tie. Agnes Meyer Collection, Prints and Photographs Division.



offer to return the stationery sent to him in 1941: "I take the opportunity to ask you whether I may present to the Library the original handwriting of my Moses story [*The Tables of the Law*] which I wrote for the anthology *The Ten Commandments*. My special reason for this offer is the fact that the whole story is written on the particularly pleasant stationery of the Library—a misuse for which I best can atone by this dedication."²⁹ MacLeish replied that he was delighted, and he added: "I should be happy if you would continue to use our stationery for all purposes, since I should hope that similar results might follow."³⁰

After Archibald MacLeish had left the Library to assume the position of assistant secretary of state, Mann kept up a friendly correspondence. In 1949 MacLeish, as secretary of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, informed the novelist that he had been awarded the academy's "Award of Merit Medal" along with the cash prize of \$1,000 for "extraordinary achievement in your art." MacLeish of course failed to add that it was he himself who had nominated Mann.

A few days after completing the last of the

Joseph novels—the tetralogy consumed him for sixteen years—Thomas Mann began work on *Dr. Faustus*. For background material he wrote to the Library requesting that it send him the published letters of Hugo Wolf, the Austrian composer who died insane.

On a visit to the Library following his lecture in May 1945, Mann was accompanied by Librarian Luther H. Evans in a tour of the Library. He writes that he

was shown through both buildings, and for the first time obtained some conception of the prodigiousness of this collection which receives everything, includes everything. Dr. Evans produced the actual manuscripts of Johann Conrad Beissel, the singing master of Ephrata, for even these were faithfully preserved here as curiosities. There they were, spread out on a table before me, and I saw with my own almost incredulous eyes the actual productions of this naïve and dogmatic innovator in music whom I used so slyly in my novel.³¹

What Mann examined was the largest collection of Ephrata community manuscripts, bound in book form. Executed by members of the Seventh-day Baptist sect Beissel founded in 1732 in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, the work is lettered in Fraktur and illustrated throughout with hundreds of intricate designs



Introductory leaf of the Ephrata Codex setting forth "A Perfect Specimen or Key for Each and Every Kind of Tune and Manner of Instant, Faultless...Singing and Harmonization." Johann Conrad Beissel, founder of the Pennsylvania sect at Ephrata, designated certain chords masters and others servants. According to the *Chronicon Ephratense* "The whole art consists of seven notes, which form two thirds and one octave, which are always sung in such a way that you do not hear the tone which stands between two notes," producing "a sweet dissonance, which renders the art a great wonder."

Symmetrical designs, such as the doves and geometric borders on the first page of the index of the Ephrata Codex, are typical of eighteenth-century Pennsylvania German folk art.



and drawings. The Library copy bears a notation indicating that it once belonged to Benjamin Franklin.³²

Dr. Faustus promised to be the most difficult of Mann's works for the translator. Because Helen T. Lowe-Porter, the novelist's English translator, was feeling overworked and exhausted, Mann turned to Agnes Meyer. She was, however, discouraged by the prospect of being tied to a desk for months, perhaps for

more than a year, working on such a translation. In the end, the job fell once more on Helen Lowe-Porter.

Agnes Meyer sought to interest Mann in the writing of his biography. She collected voluminous notes and began to work out several chapters. However, Mann felt that his life and works had already given birth to enough studies. He urged her in 1942 to drop the project "for the duration,"³³ as the phrase went during the war,

nicht verweie, gewahr, hals im vorrath
 Leiden, freunde, nicht stunde die solless erdrücken, langes Verlangen
 soll kinder erquickten. 589.

freiheit kommen: seht der geist wirds schon
 Kranken, wartend, beg der freude hoch, auf den weibel rönten

nen hülfe hülft uns viele morgen-zeit deine
 sich noch in uns befinden. 4.

A leaf from the Ephrata Codex. Members of the Pennsylvania sect provided decorative borders for each of the four hundred hymns composed by Beissel. The Fraktur lettering, so called from the breaks or fractures in each letter, was a highly developed art form among the Pennsylvania Germans. From the Music Division.

in order that she might concentrate on matters of national importance. He would prefer it, he added, if she would write the book after his death.

Some months before his death in August 1955, Mann returned to the subject of Agnes Meyer's papers when he wrote to his "Gräfin" (countess), as she was affectionately called by the Mann family:

I wanted to say that the offer from the Library of Con-

gress to take your private papers under its wing is honorable and sensible. I can think of no better place for the preservation of the fragments of your work on "me" than this one, and likewise for the letters which at that time you drafted in inspired German and—unfortunately—never sent. Many a dissertation by young literary scholars, from every imaginable point of view, will be written about my scribbles, and I completely agree with your idea that future students will derive profit from your notes, if they are publicly accessible. As for my own many letters to A. E. M., I think that they should not be rescued from oblivion unselectively. A limited number of them which can perhaps be conceded some sub-

Yale
May 29, 1969

Miss Marjorie G. Wynne
Research Librarian
Yale University Library
New Haven, Connecticut 06520

Dear Miss Wynne:

When I gave you my manuscripts
and books by Thomas Mann did I give you
a very slim little hard-bound volume on
the story of ~~Tamar~~? If so, do you think
I could have it back?

TAMAR

Actually Mann told me that the
character of ~~Tamar~~ was based on me and
our friendship. Therefore I should have
kept it at least until I die. If it is
not in your possession then I must look
for it here in my various libraries.

TAMAR

Sorry to give you this trouble.

Yours sincerely,

(Mrs. Eugene Meyer)

Letter drafted by Agnes Meyer concerning a copy of Thamar, which originally formed an entire section in Joseph the Provider. Mann had the story printed as a separate volume for his friends. Agnes Meyer Papers, Manuscript Division.

stance might be given to the Library. The majority fulfilled their one-time purpose and may well vanish.³⁴

Mann had no illusion that every work he had written would stand the test of time. In a rare moment of confession he wrote to Agnes Meyer that he did not consider "*Joseph* as a truly great work, but rather only a personal means, in a certain sense, to share the experiences of the great. I recognize in myself only the little boy who all day played and imagined he was a prince."³⁵

Agnes Meyer, too, had more than a reader's interest in *Joseph*. In a draft of a letter to the Yale University Library, she mentions that "Mann told me that the character of Tamar was based on me and our friendship."³⁶ Tamar, Jacob's son's wife, is described as "beautiful in her way; not pretty-beautiful, but beautiful after an austere and forbidding fashion, so that she looked angry at her own beauty, and with some justice too, for it had a compelling power which left the men no rest." In another passage the narrator writes that "She found her way to Jacob; and now often and often she sat at the feet of the stately old man weighed down by the weight of his tales. She sat very erect, the great penetrating wide-open eyes cast up to him, so fixed and moveless with attention that the silver earrings on either side of her sunken cheeks hung down unswaying. And he told her his . . . tales."³⁷

With the publication of *Joseph the Provider*, Mann's financial position improved. Alfred Knopf informed him that its selection by the Book-of-the-Month Club would bring him royalties well over forty thousand dollars. Mann, who now felt like "Croesus," told Agnes Meyer that since the Library contract for 1944 had already gone into effect, he would use the money from his Library salary for the relief of his brother Heinrich and other writers "on whom America has not smiled."³⁸

Agnes Meyer transmitted to MacLeish Mann's promise that he would continue at the Library as an unsalaried consultant now that he was on "Easy Street."³⁹ Anonymous annual donations of \$1,000 toward the Mann lectures are noted in several of the Librarian's reports for the following years. The money came from A. E. M., who wanted to help cover the expenses incident to the lectures.

In 1949, Thomas Mann became embroiled in a

controversy that became his most serious since leaving Germany. Following a lecture on Goethe that Mann gave at the Library on May 2, the *New York Times* quoted him as saying that he interpreted the Soviet agreement to lift the Berlin blockade as a long-range bid for peace and stated that he believed the Russians were "fundamentally disinclined toward war."⁴⁰ Even before he made this public statement, Mann's letters to friends had deplored the worsening relations between the United States and the Soviet Union.

His first trip to Germany in sixteen years was to Weimar, in the Russian zone, for the bicentennial of Goethe's birth in July 1949. Replying to an open letter from the Swedish journalist Paul Olberg, Mann justified his visit to the Deutsche Demokratische Republik. It was remarkable, Mann wrote, that in this Communist state, four years after the Russian occupation began, non-Communists were still sitting on Weimar's city council.

Mann's letter was widely reprinted in West Germany and in the United States, and it caused angry reactions. Although Mann also spoke out against the Russian police state, his critics would not be satisfied. Upon consultation with Agnes Meyer, Luther Evans suggested to Mann that he postpone his 1950 lecture. The Librarian wrote:

For you just now to deliver a lecture under governmental auspices might provoke a political controversy, wholly unrelated to your place in literature and your surpassing distinction as a man of letters but concentrated on your notoriety as an international figure. Such a circumstance inevitably would embarrass you and would seriously impair the long association which has existed between you and this Library. The abnormal tensions and unusual sensitivities which surround our days are factors which cannot be disregarded.⁴¹

Mann let his name be used by organizations of which he had little knowledge. He usually responded to appeals that came in behalf of peace or some other humanitarian cause. Tired of being hounded by political groups, he would in exasperation tell his family: "Well, in God's Name: Yes, just so they'll stop bothering me. After all, I can't appear to be against Peace, Human Brotherhood, or relief for refugees. But make sure to tell them that I positively won't write any speeches or endorsements or attend any of their meetings."⁴² Later he was surprised when some of the organizations that used his name appeared on the attorney general's list.

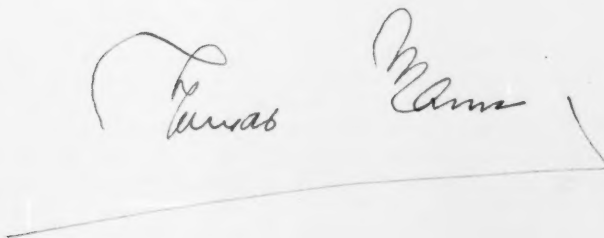
THAMAR

VON THOMAS MANN

WURDE ALS PRIVATDRUCK DER PAZIFISCHEN PRESSE VON
ERNST GOTTLIEB UND FELIX GUGGENHEIM HERAUSGE-
BEN UND BESORGT. DIE EINMALIGE AUFLAGE VON ZWEI-
HUNDERTFUENFZIG NUMERIERTEN EXEMPLAREN WURDE
IN FAIRFIELD ANTIQUA BEI DER PLANTIN PRESSE IN LOS
ANGELES IM JAHRE NEUNZEHNHUNDERTZWEIUNDVIERZIG
GEDRUCKT. DIE ERSTEN HUNDERTFUENFZIG EXEMPLARE
SIND IN HALBLEDER GEBUNDEN UND VOM AUTOR HAND-
SCHRIFTLICH SIGNIERT. DIESES EXEMPLAR TRAECHT DIE

NUMMER

13 A

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Thomas Mann", is enclosed within a simple rectangular border. The signature is written in dark ink on a light background.

*Colophon from a copy of Thamer in the Rare Book and Special
Collections Division.*

In August 1950, Mann wrote to Agnes Meyer that he dreamed of returning to Switzerland to write, because he wanted to spend his remaining years "in deutscher Sprach-Sphäre."⁴³ Although he traveled and gave lectures in East and West Germany, he had no desire to live in Germany. Many of Mann's critics felt he turned his back on the United States when he left to reside in Switzerland, but in fact Mann retained both his citizenship and his affection for his adopted country. He continued to serve as a consultant to the

Library even after he left for Europe.

He was through with politics. In the few years left to him, he sought peace and solitude for his work. In a letter to Agnes Meyer written in 1952, Mann mentioned that the *New York Times* had asked him to comment on the current political climate in the United States. Before replying, he had asked himself: "Would Agnes M. advise me to do it or not to do it?"

"She would advise me against it," I answered myself, and so I said, 'No thank you.'"⁴⁴

NOTES

The author acknowledges with appreciation the assistance of the following persons and institutions in the preparation of this paper. At the Library of Congress, the staff of Central Services Division, the Prints and Photographs Division, and the Manuscript Division; at Yale University, Marjorie G. Wynne, Research Librarian, Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library; Henry Rowen, Rare Book and Manuscript Library, Columbia University; and Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., for permission to quote from Thomas Mann's works.

1. Agnes Meyer, *Out of These Roots: An Autobiography of an American Woman* (Boston: Little, Brown, 1953), p. 7.

2. *Ibid.*, p. 186.

3. Thomas Mann, *The Coming Victory of Democracy* (New York: A. A. Knopf, 1938).

4. Mann's correspondence with Agnes Meyer has only been partially published. There are 110 letters printed in Thomas Mann, *Briefe* [1889-1955], ed. Erika Mann, 3 vols. (Frankfurt a. M.: S. Fischer, 1961-65). A less complete English edition, based on the German *Briefe*, contains 58 letters to Agnes Meyer. Thomas Mann, *Letters of Thomas Mann, 1889-1955*, selected and translated by Richard and Clara Winston (New York: A. A. Knopf, 1971); copyright © 1970 by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. When possible, reference is made to the English edition. Other translations in this article are the author's.

5. Günter O. Rebing, "Thomas Mann's Letters to Agnes E. Meyer," *Yale University Library Gazette* 39 (July 1964): 9-29, examines the correspondents' literary relationship. There is only passing mention of the Library of Congress.

6. Mann to MacLeish, December 8, 1941, Library of Congress Archives (original in English).

7. Mann to Meyer, December 12, 1941, Thomas Mann Collection, Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library, Yale University.

8. Verner W. Clapp to Personnel Office, January 7, 1942, LC Archives.

9. MacLeish to Meyer, December 2, 1941, LC Archives.

10. Mann to Meyer, January 30, 1942, Mann Collection, Beinecke Library.

11. Mann, *Letters*, p. 393.

12. Meyer to Clapp, January 29, 1942, LC Archives.

13. Frederic Morton, "A Talk with Mann at 80," *New York Times Book Review*, June 5, 1955, p. 32.

14. Meyer to MacLeish, August 25, 1942, LC Archives.

15. Mann to MacLeish, February 1, 1943, LC Archives (original in English). Mann's five lectures, originally published separately by the Library of Congress, have been collected in Thomas Mann, *Addresses Delivered at the Library of Congress, 1942-1949* (Washington: Library of Congress, 1963) and in *Literary Lectures Presented at the Library of Congress* (Washington: Library of Congress, 1973).

16. Thomas Mann lecture, "The Theme of the Joseph Novels," November 17, 1942, tape LWO-3149, Motion Picture, Broadcasting, and Recorded Sound Division, Library of Congress.

17. Thomas Mann, *The Story of a Novel: The Genesis of Doctor Faustus*, translated by Richard and Clara Winston (New York: A. A. Knopf, 1961), p. 9. Copyright © 1961 by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

18. Mann to Meyer, February 16, 1942, Mann Collection, Beinecke Library.

19. U.S., Congress, House, Select Committee Investigating National Defense Migration, *Problems of Evacuation of Enemy Aliens and Others from Prohibited Military Zones*, 77th Cong., 2d sess., 1942, part 31, pp. 11725-33.

20. MacLeish to Mann, December 11, 1942, LC Archives.

21. Mann to MacLeish, May 25, 1943, LC Archives (original in English).

22. Mann, *Letters*, p. 424.

23. Meyer to Golo Mann, October 19, 1943, Meyer Papers, Box 23, Manuscript Division, Library of Congress.

24. Meyer to Mann, September 15, 1943, Meyer Papers, Box 130, Manuscript Division.

25. Mann to Meyer, May 14, 1944, Mann Collection, Beinecke Library.

26. Weeks to MacLeish, August 3, 1944, LC Archives.

27. MacLeish to Weeks, December 7, 1944, LC Archives.

28. MacLeish to Weeks, January 12, 1945, LC Archives.

29. Mann, *Letters*, p. 456.
30. MacLeish to Mann, November 6, 1944, LC Archives.
31. *Story of a Novel*, pp. 121-22.
32. Known also as the Ephrata Codex, the bound manuscript bears the title: *Die bittere Gute, oder Das Gesaeng der einsamen Turtel-Taube der christlichen Kirche hier auf Erden. . . .* (Ephrata, Pennsylvania: Ephrata Community, 1746), 935 leaves. For a more complete description of the codex, see U.S. Library of Congress, *Annual Report of the Librarian of Congress* (Washington: Library of Congress, 1927), pp. 109-12. See also Andres Briner, "Conrad Beissel and Thomas Mann," *America-German Review* 26 (December 1959-January 1960): 24-25, 38.
33. Mann, *Letters*, p. 399.
34. *Ibid.*, p. 676. The Agnes E. Meyer Papers at LC comprise 195 boxes. In addition there are six cartons of photographs. A separate collection contains the papers of Eugene Meyer.
35. Mann, *Briefe*, vol. 2, p. 267.
36. Meyer to Marjorie G. Wynne, May 29, 1969, Meyer Papers, Box 131, Manuscript Division.
37. Thomas Mann, *Joseph the Provider*, trans. H. T. Lowe-Porter (Nork York: A. A. Knopf, 1944), pp. 304-5. Copyright © 1944 by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.
38. Mann to Meyer, February 16, 1944, Mann Collection, Beinecke Library.
39. Meyer to MacLeish, June 21, 1944, LC Archives.
40. *New York Times*, May 6, 1949, p. 23.
41. Evans to Mann, March 23, 1950, LC Archives.
42. Klaus H. Pringsheim, "Thomas Mann in America," *America-German Review* 30 (February-March 1964): 29. Pringsheim was a nephew of Mann's wife.
43. Mann, *Briefe*, vol. 3, p. 166.
44. Mann, *Letters*, p. 651.

Recent Acquisitions of the Manuscript Division

BY THE STAFF OF THE DIVISION

The acquisition of manuscripts and personal papers frequently requires lengthy and at times delicate negotiations between Library officials and donors or their families and heirs. Two important collections donated to the Library of Congress last year serve to illustrate these features of the acquisition process. The eighth chief justice of the United States, Melville Weston Fuller, died on July 4, 1910; Luther Burbank, plant breeder and horticulturist, on April 11, 1926. The Manuscript Division is gratified to report that the papers of these eminent Americans are now a part of the national collections.

Other gifts and purchases in 1978 also enriched the Library's original material for the study of various aspects of the nation's past. The Manuscript Division's preeminent collections for the period of Woodrow Wilson's New Freedom were given even broader dimensions by the papers of Carl Schurz Vrooman, assistant secretary of agriculture from 1914 to 1919. For contemporary diplomatic historians, an unpublished account of the work of the Committee of

Americans for the Canal Treaties will document one side of a great national debate; while the papers of James M. Cain will be of interest to students of modern American literature.

These and other newly acquired materials are described in some detail in the essay which follows.

Presidential Papers

Thomas Jefferson and James Madison

In the past year the Library acquired two interesting manuscripts each of Presidents Thomas Jefferson and James Madison. The first item, an unsigned letter from Jefferson to his former Virginia neighbor and old acquaintance Philip Mazzei, is dated April 29, 1800, but was not received by the addressee until April 1, 1802. Some of the reasons for the lack of signature and the circuitous route by which Jefferson dispatched the letter from Monticello to Pisa will be apparent when it is remembered that an earlier private letter of April 24, 1796, had been indiscreetly published by Mazzei in Florence. The Italian version was quickly translated into French and published in the Paris *Moniteur*, and an English translation of the French version

Contributors to this report include Paul T. Heffron, John McDonough, Oliver H. Orr, Sylvia L. Render, Paul G. Sifton, Russell M. Smith, David Wigdor, and Ronald S. Wilkin-

Dear Sir

Washington June 2. 1801.

Yours of the 16th May came to hand on the 20th There is this day placed in the hands of Gibson & Jefferson 285. Dollars subject to your order for Mr. Badger which I hope may be conveniently transferred to your place for his use. — my outfit here has been so excessively heavy on me, that all my own resources added to that of the public salary receivable only as it becomes due, are insufficient to meet the calls; and I shall be straitened for some two or three months to come. ~~But~~ you must have a little patience therefore as to the 143.73 I have to remit you on other accounts, it shall be done the first moment it is in my power. ~~Accept~~ my friendly salutations & assurances of esteem.

W. Jefferson

Mr. John Watson

After nearly three months in the White House, President Jefferson indicates in a letter of June 2, 1801, to one of his Virginia creditors, John Watson, the extent of his continued financial stringency despite his elevation to high public office. From the Thomas Jefferson Papers.

My outfit here has been so excessively heavy on me, that all my own resources added to that of the public salary receivable only as it becomes due, are insufficient to meet the calls; and I shall be straitened for some two or three months to come. you must have a little patience therefore as to the 143.73 I have to remit to you on other accounts. it shall be done the first moment it is in my power.

One of the Madison manuscripts is an unsigned draft of an August 15, 1828, letter to James A. Graham. Madison's correspondent had sent him a copy of his recently published memoir of T. H. Tooke, and in reply the former president deftly questioned Graham's tentative

attribution of the "Junius" letters to Tooke. Junius was the pen name of an unknown author of a very famous group of political letters against the British ministry. Madison's letter indicates that he had closely studied the Junius letters when they were published from 1768 to 1772, the years when Madison was studying at the College of New Jersey (later Princeton).

Madison's draft letter not only questions the Tooke attribution of the Junius letters but, in addition, reveals something of the former president's close study of the problem of handwriting and manuscript attribution.

incident thereto, ~~for the purpose of~~ ~~in the Bill~~, be not possessed by Congress, the assent of the States in the mode provided in the Bill cannot confer the power. The only cases in which the consent and cession of particular States can extend the power of Congress are those specified and provided for in the Constitution.

I am not unaware of the great importance of roads and canals, and the improved navigation of water courses; and that a power in the National Legislature ^{to provide for them} might be exercised with signal advantage to the general prosperity. But seeing that ~~no~~ such a power is not expressly given by the Constitution; and believing that it can not be deduced from any part of it without an inadmissible latitude of construction, & a reliance on insufficient precedents; believing also that the permanent success of the Constitution depends on a definite partition of powers between the general and the State Governments, and that no adequate landmark would be left by the ~~constructive~~ extension of the powers of Congress, as proposed in the Bill. I have no option but to withhold my signature from it; and to ~~cherish the hope that its~~ ^{cherish the hope that its} ~~beneficial objects may be attained, by a resort, for the necessary powers, to the same wisdom and virtue in the nation, which established the Constitution in its actual form, and providently marked out in the instrument itself, a safe and practicable mode of improving it, as experience might suggest.~~

Sept 9. 1817

James Madison

If you have not established the title of Tooke, you have at least set aside that of some others, and given to the arguments for his all their lustre. The Memoirs embrace also certain historical elements which give an additional interest to them.

The test of handwritings, which you apply to the problem, tho' not unworthy of attention, does not, I must own [...] strike me with the force it may do others. If there be an apparent identity in some minute respects, it is not the case in the general aspects of the specimens compared: and it is not presumed that they were written at dates so distant that the difference can be explained by the effect of age on the use of the fingers, which is often greater than the change made by it on the features of the face. There is another cause indeed, of difference in writings of the same hand, that of the greater or less haste with which they are executed; and it is but fair, to allow this consideration, a hypothetical weight in such comparisons.

The other Madison item is a particularly important document. It is the four-page corrected and signed final draft of Madison's message of March 3, 1817; the famous veto of the Bonus Bill, his last message to the Congress before his retirement. The veto message is especially significant because it represented a sharp reversal of a trend to an ever-greater expansion of the military, naval, and banking establishments as well as such internal improvements as a Mohawk to Oswego canal and the Cumberland Road.

Following Secretary of the Treasury Albert Gallatin's 1809 report recommending a Mohawk to Oswego canal,¹ congressional pressure and momentum had built up until a committee of the House of Representatives, in a February 8, 1817, report on roads and canals, recommended construction of a canal from the Hudson River to Lake Erie.² Closely linked to the committee's report was the debate on the Bonus Bill, which proposed the division of the nation's bank surplus among the states according to their representation in the Congress.³ Naturally New York would have been a major beneficiary, and the forces directed by one of Madison's principal political foes, DeWitt Clinton, would have achieved a complete victory over their opponents.

The closing paragraph of Pres. James Madison's final message to the Congress, his famous veto of the Bonus Bill, March 3, 1817. The emendations, corrections, signature, and text are all in Madison's own hand. From the James Madison Papers.

Madison's veto message, which effectively disposed of the Bonus Bill, was based on a strict construction of the Constitution. In the words of that document's principal architect:

I am not unaware of the great importance of roads [...] canals, and the improved navigation of water courses; and that a power in the National Legislature to provide for them might be exercised with signal advantage to the general prosperity. But seeing that such a power is not expressly given by the Constitution; and believing that it cannot be deduced from any part of it, without an inadmissible latitude of construction, & a reliance on insufficient precedents; believing also that the permanent success of the Constitution depends on a definite partition of powers between the general and the State Governments, and that no adequate land-marks would be left, by the constructive extension of the powers of Congress, as proposed in the Bill. I have no option but to withhold my signature from it . . .

Diplomatic, Military, Political, and Social History

Notable Individual Item

Silas Deane, to most students of the American Revolution, is a prime example of a man destroyed by contemporary public opinion. Deane's political enemies accused him of betraying the Revolution on three counts: receiving a gift as a public official and converting it into a private commercial transaction, being in private trade while conducting public business, and committing treason by writing to friends urging reconciliation with Great Britain. No court of law ever charged Deane with treason, but a court of public opinion effectually indicted and convicted him on circumstantial evidence. For the last two decades of his life Deane sought in vain for "simple justice."

It is particularly striking, therefore, to find an eight-page letter from Deane to his old Connecticut neighbor and confidant, Thomas Mumford, dated January 15, 1784, which provides us with some clues to Deane's perspicacity and insight into contemporary business practice. Deane's evaluation of the causes and effects of the coming Industrial Revolution which was to sweep England in the nineteenth century demonstrates his keen critical intelligence in assessing business prospects.

The improvements, and Inventions [of the United Kingdom], of the last Ten Years, for perfecting Manufactures, and lessening the quantity of Labor, are astonishing, and an Account of them, must appear incredible to any one,

William W. Greenough (1818–1899). The photograph was probably taken in 1848. From the William Whitwell Greenough Papers.



that has not Seen, & examined them. . . . I saw a machine at Manchester, in which One large Water Wheel turned Five Thousand Spindles, & spun that Number of Threads of Cotton, & at the same Time carded, & prepared the Cotton, for Spinning, as fast as wanted, and the whole was Tended by Children, except a few grown persons, to oversee. . . . The National debt of this Country, is enormously great, and the Violent contests, of the great parties in it, for power, are such, as to Shock the Constitution to its center, yet the Commerce, & Manufacturers, and Agriculture of the Country, advance, and flourish, and the Opulent, and easy Circumstances, of Individuals, are such, as admit of no parrallel, in any other Country in Europe. . . .

Deane then went on to point out the adequate wages paid to working men; the wholly inadequate wages paid to working women and children; and the deleterious effect of the profligacy of male breadwinners who squandered their wages on drink, leaving their families to shift for themselves.

The letter demonstrates that, had it not been for Deane's irreparably damaged wartime reputation, he might have become a successful businessman back in his native Connecticut after the

Revolution. Instead, Deane was to spend his last years in England and die there in poverty and disgrace.

William Whitwell Greenough Papers

A small but interesting collection of the papers of William W. Greenough (1818–1899), amounting to approximately four hundred items, was acquired by purchase in 1978. The only child of William and Sarah (Gardner) Greenough and the grandson of the Reverend William Greenough of Newton, Massachusetts, William W. Greenough was descended from a family that dated its years in Boston back to 1650. His early education was acquired at the famed Latin School in Boston, where as an eleven-year-old he was ranked twelfth in a class of sixteen, his father being advised that young William was “a good scholar but too playful,” and that his class standing would have been much higher except for marks registered against him for “talking and other irregularities.”

Greenough was in the class of 1837 at Harvard, which included among its forty-seven graduates such notables as Richard Henry Dana and Henry David Thoreau, neither of whom, however, is represented in the Greenough Papers. It appears that “irregularities” continued to mark young Greenough’s academic progress, for Harvard’s president, Josiah Quincy, was obliged to inform the elder Greenough that his son’s course at Harvard had been “so wayward and exceptionable” that the faculty found it necessary in 1835 to vote that he be “dismissed from the University,” and that he “not be offered for readmission before the end of the next winter vacation.”

Such setbacks, however, did not seem to deter Greenough, who merely removed to nearby Andover to continue his studies. His specific offenses at Harvard are not known, but high jinks in Cambridge of an explosive nature were not unknown in the 1830s. Samuel Eliot, a close friend, later to gain considerable respect as an historian, educator, and eleemosynar, recorded for Greenough the events of a February night in 1838:

This morning, as the bell sounded its wonted peal, I entered the chapel. What I saw there, can better be imagined than

described. In the first place, *all* the windows were smashed, with the exception of one or two panes— In the second place, the lower part of the pulpit was all “stuv” in— 3dly, the clock was broken, & its “insides” carried off, & 4thly, there appeared on the wall, as of old, the handwriting to Belshazzar, (was that his name,) in two different places, with letters a foot long, and *legibly* delineated with charcoal the following words—(Read, shudder & beware) “A Bone for Old Quin [Josiah Quincy] to pick” (!!!!!) Horrible, most horrible. Who it was, no one knows. (!) The way the windows were broken and the pulpit damaged, was by a bombshell, which was placed under the pulpit. It must have been a deep laid plan—

Although Greenough’s passage through Harvard may have been discontinuous, he did have the opportunity to make a staunch friend of Horatio Hale. Hale is considered to have been one of the developers of the science of anthropology and, as the youthful ethnologist on the United States Exploring Expedition, 1838–42, commanded by Charles Wilkes, he sailed thousands of miles across the Atlantic and Pacific oceans collecting and analyzing the data later incorporated in his monumental *Ethnography and Philology*, volume 6 in the publications of the expedition. His farewell to Greenough, upon embarking on the expedition, contained traces of the landsman’s customary apprehension of the sea: “Long before you get this letter I shall be far out on what the Irishman called the *bilious* ocean, & probably suffering all the tortures of sea-sickness.”

Several long letters followed from both coasts of South America and from Australia and the islands of the Pacific. These letters, in fact, although somewhat infrequent, are remarkably full and appear to offer a better account of Hale’s activities and views than any other manuscript source accounted for in Daniel C. Haskell’s celebrated bibliography, *The United States Exploring Expedition ... and Its Publications* (New York, 1942). Writing in 1840 from Honolulu, in the “Sandwich Islands,” when the expedition had run only slightly more than half its course, Hale was able to report that the mood of the expedition, characterized by discontent and a sense of failure, had changed. The “discovery of the Southern Continent” (actually the determination that Antarctica was of continental dimensions) had “given all the *éclat* to the enterprise that could have been desired.” Successful surveys of the “Navigator and Feejee” island groups had also contributed to an anticipation of “a

happy and triumphant return" to the United States. Because of the lateness of the season, however, the scheduled voyage to the American Northwest had to be delayed and the term of the expedition extended. Therefore, Hale reported to his friend, "You are not ... to look for us before June 1842!"

Another friend of Greenough's youth, who had been a fellow student at the Latin School, was William Maxwell Evarts. Nearly thirty of his letters, for the most part closely written over three and four pages, are found in the Greenough Papers. Covering the years 1836 to 1852, they provide useful information previously lacking on the early life of one who was to leave New England behind for a brilliant legal career in New York, interspersed with years of important public service. On the national level this involved cabinet positions as attorney general under Andrew Johnson and as Rutherford B. Hayes's only secretary of state. Evarts also represented New York in the U.S. Senate from 1885 to 1891.

In contrast to Horatio Hale, Evarts, a Yale graduate, began his formal career in 1838 in the quiet Vermont town of Windsor, on the banks of the Connecticut River, "as delightful a spot as can be found in New England," with a "rare union of river & mountain scenery...." Such a stage, however, soon proved to be too confining, and Evarts complained to Greenough that he was getting "supremely tired" of Windsor.

I have exhausted all the sources of amusement within my reach—read all the books, studied all the human nature, and were it not for a great hubbub raised here just a[t] present by the failure of the bank and its dependents, I should be in the last stages of ennui. The pressure has just reached Windsor. Sixty or seventy writs were served here last week and *we lawyers* hope for as many this. It is but the beginning of evil—the curse of speculation wh[ic]h has afflicted the cities will be felt through every town and village. What honest, careful souls we young men shall grow up to be!

By 1840 Evarts had followed his star elsewhere and had "burrowed into the centre of N.Y. practice." With an assurance gained from almost immediate success, he was able to report: "I have seen enough to inform me that if I will exert myself to a reasonable extent, I can rise here, and that rapidly." Self-fulfillment was not far behind self-discovery.

In the meantime Greenough, who had once aspired to be a linguist, joined his father as a

merchant in the hardware business. Settling in as a citizen of Boston, he became agent of the Boston Gas-Light Company in 1852 and was elected its treasurer in 1853, remaining in that post until 1889. He served on the City Council for three years and was chosen to deliver Boston's Fourth of July oration in 1849. The American Oriental Society, the Massachusetts Historical Society, Harvard University, and the Museum of Fine Arts all claimed his attention, as did frequent and prolonged travel abroad. All of these occupations and activities were congenial to him, but the one which appealed to him most was his association with Boston's Public Library. For thirty-two years (1856–88) he served on the Board of Trustees, the last twenty-two of those as president. The Massachusetts Historical Society's eulogy of him in 1899 noted that the "signal growth and continued prosperity" of the library were largely due to him, and that the people of Boston scarcely realized "the debt of gratitude" owed to Mr. Greenough.

It was in this capacity that he encountered a wide circle of friends and acquaintances, many of whom are represented in his papers. Among these are Louis Agassiz, Samuel Bowles, George Ticknor Curtis, Samuel Atkins Eliot, Edward Everett, Wendell Phillips, and Justin Winsor. One associate, George S. Hillard, who had made his way to Boston from Machias, Maine, was a man whose pen always had a deft and felicitous touch, sufficient to modify at least the judgment rendered in the *Dictionary of American Biography* that he "never achieved the eminence to which he seemed destined." In a letter to Greenough of April 15, 1872, Hillard accepted a call to serve the library and acknowledged the honor that had been conferred upon him.

I thank you for the kind expressions contained in your note. I suppose that without much self laudation I may say that I know something of books, and am competent for the discharge of the duties to which I have been called. I shall be glad to relieve you of part of your burden, which you have so long sustained alone, by sharing it with you. Were it not for the melancholy necessity of earning my bread by the practice of the law, I should be glad to give much of my time to this work; and as it is, you may always rely upon me for counsel and aid.

That I am overseer of Harvard College and trustee of the Public Library makes me almost doubt my identity. The world moves.

The Greenough Papers also include approximately one hundred of his own letters. They are confined largely to the period from the late 1820s to the 1850s. Many are addressed to his father from Andover in the 1830s. Another large group consists of letters he wrote from Europe from 1840 to 1841 and addressed to Miss Catherine Scollay Curtis (Kate). She became his wife in 1841 and bore him six children.

Melville Weston Fuller Papers

Among the principal manuscript holdings of the Library are its collections relating to the Constitution and the Supreme Court, and the recently acquired papers of Melville Weston Fuller (1883–1910), chief justice of the United States from 1888 to 1910, will provide students of modern legal development with important new sources. The collection is a remarkably complete one, and it bears upon virtually every aspect of Fuller's long and fruitful life in the law.

Traditions were important to the Fuller and Weston families, which traced their lineage to the *Mayflower* and the earliest years of the Bay Colony, and the fact that Fuller's father, uncle, and both grandfathers were lawyers must have been a compelling example. He spent most of his formative years in the Augusta home of his maternal grandfather, Nathan Weston, the stern Jacksonian chief justice of the Maine Supreme Court; and the ringing defense of hard money, low tariffs, limited government, and republican simplicity that marked Weston's public life and private advice to his grandson recurred in the career of the eighth chief justice.

Although there are some family papers in the collection that antedate Fuller's birth in 1833, the effective beginning of the collection coincides with his departure from Augusta for Bowdoin College in 1849. There are many exchanges of correspondence between Fuller and his mother and grandparents during his college days, his subsequent year-long apprenticeship in his uncle's law office, and his brief residence at the Harvard Law School. The Bowdoin correspondence is supplemented by a great many manuscripts of Fuller's college themes and orations, where he tried to wring noble phrases from such period pieces as "The Study of His-

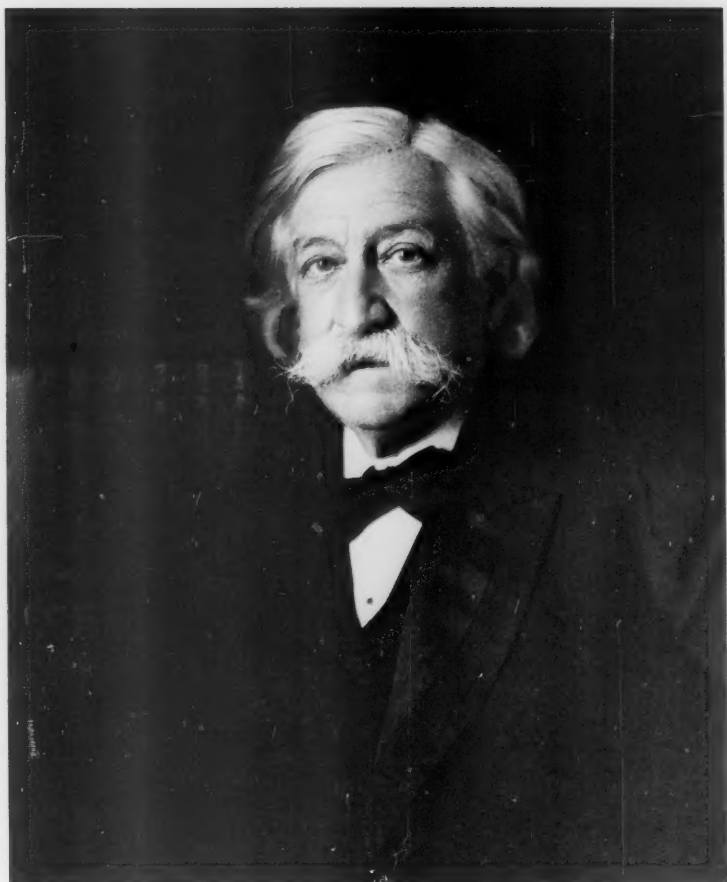
tory As a Means of Intellectual Improvement" and "The Effects of Slavery on the Southern Character." Advice came from his mother on a predictable range of topics, but historians will ever be grateful to her for imploring her son to be attentive to his correspondence. She wrote that both Fuller's grandmother and she were "in a great panic... to have you date your letters.... [H]aving located ourselves in point of time with you ... we can proceed to peruse your letters with much comfort." She congratulated him for writing "a great deal plainer than you did—I would take great pains for this, it will be a benefit to you through life."

Fuller was admitted to the bar in 1855, practiced briefly in Bangor and then in Augusta, and quickly assumed a prominent role in local affairs and Democratic party politics. For a time he virtually abandoned the law to become editor of the *Augusta Age*, a leading Democratic paper of the state. There are some glimmerings of these activities in the collection, and some hint as well of an unsuccessful and unhappy courtship that led him in 1856 to cast his lot with the westward movement and seek his fortune in Chicago.

A wide array of family correspondence, financial records, and newspaper clippings as well as professional and political correspondence casts light on Fuller's practice, his political activities, and his role in the life of a city rushing into modernity. His letters to his wife, who usually spent part of the winter in the South, are particularly useful for establishing the contours of his life outside the law as well as the pace of his practice. Fuller was a devoted member of the Chicago Literary Club and frequently contributed articles and book reviews on political and historical topics to *The Dial*, an important regional literary magazine. His tastes are also reflected in the many invoices from Chicago booksellers, which attest to a well-stocked library with an emphasis on history, politics, and moral philosophy.

Fuller's correspondence and the judgment of contemporaries underscore his passion for fellowship and good conversation, and part of his later success as chief justice can be traced to his ability to make a club of the weekly conference. But this affable, convivial man also brought a profound sense of dignity to high office, and one can even detect his decorum in the reactions

Melville Weston Fuller, 1905. Fuller was chief justice of the Supreme Court from 1888 to 1910. From the Melville Weston Fuller Papers.



of his children. "Brand [a Chicago photographer] has papas picture up in the show case down stairs," wrote twelve-year-old Paulina to her mother in 1883, "and I stand and admire him when I am down town and I dont like to have them stand and look at my papa would you? I mean strangers."

Grover Cleveland nominated Fuller as chief justice in 1888, and there are interesting materials in the collection concerning his subsequent confirmation. Fuller was well known to the Court, for he had argued many cases before it, and there are several letters from Justice John Marshall Harlan, an old friend, describing reactions in Washington and advising Fuller on how

he should respond to the press and the Judiciary Committee. Fuller needed no advice, however, on how to deal with the justices. The Court that he joined included Harlan, Stephen J. Field, and Samuel F. Miller, three of the most formidable personalities in its history, as well as one of its most accomplished scholars, Horace Gray. Fuller clearly intended to mediate rather than dominate, and he observed to the court reporter after his first term that there would be "no rising sun for me with these old luminaries blazing away with all their ancient fires."⁴

Fuller won the affection and respect of each of his colleagues, and he was universally recognized as a master in the assignment of opinions

and in presiding at the conference. No aspect of the Court's administration escaped his attention, and the many letters in the collection from clerks, marshals, and reporters document his executive deftness. He played an important role in securing passage of the Circuit Court of Appeals Act of 1891, which created the intermediate appellate court structure and notably enhanced the administration of federal justice. Fuller took a great deal of interest in the work of the lower federal courts and maintained a wide correspondence with judges throughout the country. Much of this material relates to his own circuit, but judges elsewhere also wrote to him about law and politics, and there is an intriguing letter from William Howard Taft, then a circuit judge in Cincinnati, who delicately sought his advice in the proper construction of one of the chief justice's opinions.

There are hundreds of letters from Fuller's brethren in the collection, and they touch upon the lives of the justices, the Court as an institution, and the development of constitutional doctrine. There are animated references to the major issues of the day, such as Justice Brewer's plea to Fuller in 1905 that he continue the effort to "overthrow this unconstitutional idea of colonial supreme control," as he characterized the majority's more limited view of constitutional guarantees in the new territories. There are also letters from Harlan about his strategy of dissent, from Gray on the proper administration of the conference, from justices who wanted more assignments, and from others who wanted fewer. Ill health plagued many of Fuller's associates, and fewer moments are more poignant than one described by the dying Justice Field, who, suffering from a host of infirmities, implored Fuller to hasten the announcement of the decision in the income tax cases, so that Field's vote could be counted with the five-to-four majority that held the federal income tax unconstitutional.

The Fuller Court, however, also enjoyed lighter moments. Justice Brewer delighted in sending Mr. Dooley's comments on the Court's decisions to the chief; Justice Peckham's hope that Fuller was "enjoying cool breezes and other cooling things" during his summer was an uncommonly gentle reference to the chief's anti-prohibition opinions; and Justice Harlan undoubtedly amused Fuller with his prediction, on

the eve of one of the Court's most tempestuous terms, "that there is fun ahead, if not mischief, when we reassemble in October." Fuller's successful efforts to bring unity to the Court represented an important step down the road to reunion upon which Americans marched in the late nineteenth century, and his papers demonstrate that there are topics which still glitter in the history of the Gilded Age.

The Melville Weston Fuller Papers, a gift of his granddaughter, Mrs. Molly Beecher Genet, form an important addition to the Library's extensive holdings in the fields of American law and government. The collection joins those of six other chief justices that are in the Library, as well as the papers of other members of the Fuller Court such as Justices Day, Harlan, Lurton, Moody, and Peckham. Political historians will also find important points of departure in the Fuller Papers, for they complement those of such political associates as Grover Cleveland, Walter Gresham, Daniel Lamont, and Richard Olney.

Carl Schurz Vrooman Papers

The Library of Congress has long been the leading center for the study of Woodrow Wilson's administration. Among the major collections of papers in the Manuscript Division for the years of the New Freedom are those of Wilson cabinet members William J. Bryan, Albert Burleson, Bainbridge Colby, Joseph Daniels, Robert Lansing, and William G. McAdoo. To these were added during the past year the papers of Carl Schurz Vrooman (1872-1966), assistant secretary of agriculture from 1914 to 1919. The Vrooman Papers number some five thousand items and are also quite complete for Mr. Vrooman's earlier years and his career in the post-World War I period.

Carl Schurz Vrooman, reformer, agriculturist, writer, lecturer, and public official, was born in Macon, Missouri, in 1872. His father, Judge Hiram P. Vrooman, was a political associate of Carl Schurz, hence the fifth son's middle name. Carl Vrooman grew up in Kansas and received his first college instruction at Washburn College from 1890 to 1891. He studied at Harvard from 1891 to 1894 and spent the year 1895 at Oxford. The following year he

married Julia Scott, whom he had met in Europe. Miss Scott was a niece of Vice-President Adlai Stevenson. Throughout their lives the Vroomans were devoted to the betterment of politics and business through the inculcation of religious and ethical ideals.

Students investigating the history of agricultural problems in the United States, especially since the turn of the century, will find much of interest and value in the subject files of the Vrooman Papers. Vrooman was himself a farmer, with 4,000 acres of land in Illinois and Iowa. Before serving in the Wilson administration, he spoke and wrote extensively on farm problems and was looked upon by midwestern farmers as one of their most effective champions. Copies of Vrooman's speeches and his correspondence document the principles and reforms he advocated for putting the farmer on a footing of equality with other segments of American society. The researcher can trace in the papers the years in the Department of Agriculture when Vrooman was first assistant and often acting secretary under David B. Houston and can also get a perspective of the overall administration of the department during the war years.

One of the most popular bulletins of the day issued by the Department of Agriculture, "Grain Farming in the Corn Belt with Live Stock as a Side Line," was written by the assistant secretary. In 1915 Vrooman was assigned to deal with an epidemic of foot and mouth disease. Calling a national conference, Vrooman was successful in ironing out differences between stock raisers and government experts and prepared plans for eradicating the disease. During World War I Vrooman served constantly as an administration spokesman throughout the country. He initiated the war garden movement and was sent to Europe on a presidential agricultural mission to help solve the food problem of the American and Allied forces. Vrooman was never entirely satisfied with the assignments given to him by the secretary, but remained in the department for the duration of the war. In December 1918 he tendered his resignation, which President Wilson accepted early in the new year.

The papers are also important for describing Vrooman's activities on behalf of the farmers in

the 1920s. Of particular interest are files on his effort to have Congress pass a farm relief bill. The "Vrooman Plan" provided for the exportation of surplus crops to feed the starving peoples of Europe on secured credit. It was incorporated in a bill introduced by Senator Norris which passed both houses of Congress only to be rejected by a conference committee. While a farm relief bill ultimately passed, it had no export provision. Vrooman's role in the presidential elections of the 1920s is also reflected in the papers. Although a Democrat, he styled himself a constructive conservative. He refused to support Al Smith in 1928, saying: "I feel very strongly that the issues of a sober America and equality for agriculture are the paramount issues of this campaign." He thought well of Smith and respected his achievements in New York, but was unable to accept his connection with Tammany Hall.

A significant feature of the Vrooman Papers is a series of diaries, 1894-1965, which provide insight into Vrooman's personal philosophy and religious convictions. Mrs. Vrooman's literary interests and abilities as well as her work with the YMCA in Germany after the armistice are also covered in the papers. Researchers will wish to use the Vrooman Papers in conjunction with the official files of the Department of Agriculture in the National Archives; and they will find a biography by Helen M. Cavanagh, *Carl Schurz Vrooman: Self Styled "Constructive Conservative"* (Chicago: Lakeside Press, 1977), an indispensable auxiliary source.

Edward W. Brooke Papers*⁵

The papers of Edward W. Brooke (1919-), lawyer and public official, constitute an important addition to the Library's holdings for the study of modern political life. This large collection of approximately six hundred thousand items documents Brooke's career as attorney general of Massachusetts (1962-66) and his service as U.S. Senator from Mas-

Carl Schurz Vrooman resigned as assistant secretary of agriculture because of differences with the secretary, David B. Houston. In his letter accepting the resignation, President Wilson accuses Vrooman of not appreciating Houston's work. From the Carl Schurz Vrooman Papers.

AMERICAN COMMISSION
TO NEGOTIATE PEACE

28 rue de Monceau, Paris,
13 January, 1919.

My dear Mr. Vrooman:

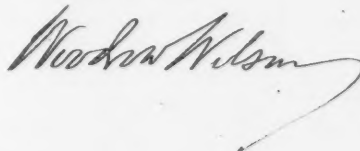
I am sorry that you feel as you do about your connection with the Agricultural Department, but of course since you feel that way I have no right to interpose any objection to your resigning, and accept your resignation to take effect at such time as you may arrange with the Secretary.

At the same time let me say that close association with the Secretary of Agriculture has taught me that his success in the important work he has done was by no means fully appreciated by yourself. I think that as time goes on it will be more and more appreciated by the thoughtful farmers of the country when they look back upon the things which have been achieved, more important things during this administration than in any other, I believe. Never before has the farmer been so thoughtfully or, I believe, so successfully served.

I know that the Secretary has valued your own services, as I have, and I know the spirit of service by which you have been actuated. It is therefore with genuine regret that I see you sever your connection with the Department.

Cordially and sincerely yours,

Hon. Carl Vrooman,
Assistant Secretary of Agriculture,
The American Embassy, London, England.



sachusetts (1967-79). The bulk of the material deals with the Senate years and includes extensive files relating to Brooke's committee assignments and special legislative interests. There are also series containing speeches and press releases, films, videotapes, and constituent correspondence.

A more detailed report on the content of these important papers will be made after they are organized.

Houston Hartsfield Holloway Papers

The Library increased its holdings in Afro-Americana during 1978. In addition to recently retired records of large organizations such as the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and the National Urban League, new acquisitions include several bodies of personal papers which supply details of the everyday life of slaves and freedmen during the latter half of the nineteenth century.

One such gift is the autobiographical recollections of Houston Hartsfield Holloway (1845-1917) in a journal of about two hundred handwritten pages kept between 1905(?) and 1913(?) which covers most of his life, first as an industrious slave and later as an enterprising freedman. As the narrative reveals, Houston H. Holloway was born on the Henry Hartsfield plantation in Upson County, Georgia, about May 1, 1845. Though he never went to school, he became in turn a hostler, blacksmith, preacher, teacher, and businessman and, in addition, provided civic leadership in several Georgia towns. Much of his moving about was occasioned by the appointment system of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, in which he was active for most of his life. At the same time he succeeded in building a family home, sending at least two of his children to college, and taking care of two wives and two sets of children.

This firsthand account contains many incidents from Houston Holloway's life which illustrate dramatically how slaves and freedmen tried to exist in a society which accorded them little if any meaningful control over their lives. The subject matter reflects Holloway's great love of family, devotion to church, and willingness to work. His primary concerns were black people and their problems; he devoted more or less

attention to whites as their attitudes and actions affected blacks.

Holloway recalled his father as a good-looking man of attainment, highly respected by blacks and whites alike, and devoted to his family. The mother died about 1848, when the last of her four sons was a baby. Nepton Holloway, the father, was sold shortly thereafter to a nearby plantation owner. He did all he could for his children. According to Houston Holloway: "by the providence of our Heavenly Farther we had our farther to Come to See us and Come [comb] our heades and bathe us and talk to us tell us how to got along in the world." The elder Holloway also gave John Wesley, the oldest boy, an elementary spelling book which Wesley mastered and then used to teach Houston to spell and read.

Despite separations, family ties were strong. When in 1858 Houston and his brother Green were sold away, Houston referred to their departure as "the time for the Braking harte Strings." He also recalled his jubilation in December 1859 at being permitted for the first time to travel from the plantation of his new owner, James C. Freeman, in Meriwether County, Georgia, back to adjacent Upson County for a short visit with his "deare farther," other relatives, and friends. That was the last time Houston saw his father alive; Nepton Holloway died in 1861. Fortunately, the boy was liked by Freeman and given special attention by four adult slaves who served as surrogate parents and evidently influenced his life greatly. His account of their concern for him provides a striking example of the extended family concept.

The only person of greater importance in young Holloway's life was his first wife, whom he saw for the first time in late 1862. Bent on attending a quilting party on a nearby plantation and finding no white person with authority around to write him a pass, the seventeen-year-old youth forged one (this was neither the first nor the last time for such an infraction). Here is an excerpt of his account of the event.

I was Soon at Uncle Jordan Black Burns House over on the Hill the ladys wore all Seated a round the quilt Stiching away the Boys was Standing a round threeding there needles ... As I was looking about I noticed Dallis Black Burn and Floyd Black Burn Each of them was Threding the nead[1] in Turn for Miss Cordelia Th[r]ash I heard of her befoure

but had never meet her nor Seen her befour that night I Took a Stand on the opposite Side of the quilters and lookt at Miss Cordelia for quite a while I was Charmed by her Buety just Simply be yound measure She Caught me looking at her and Turnd her face off with a Bashfull smile that Sweet Smile was more then I Could Bair I never Spoke to her but I was able to mak and Impression of Some Sort there was a penut peddler there Selling penuts he came to me and Said that that Miss Cordelia Thrash wanted me to Buy her a quarte of ground peas Alright Said I please give me chaing for a five dollar bill presenting at the Same time the bill He Cald out gentlemen Mr. Freeman wants a five dollar bill chainged who will chaing it for him no one in the house Could Chaing the bill So I got in Some good advertising and saved my dime also

The courtship begun that night went well, and eventually the two became engaged. However, Houston feared that his owner would not approve of their getting married, and his sanction was required. Desperate, Holloway went to extraordinary lengths, including consulting a conjurer, to get Master Freeman's consent. The couple were married April 9, 1864, and apparently enjoyed their thirty years together. According to Holloway, they "had never had a cross word" and the day of Cordelia's passing, July 12, 1894, was the saddest of his life.

In discussing his life after having been sold to Freeman in 1859, Houston stated that "it fell to my lot ... to have good Treetment if Such ever was the [case] with a Slave." Accounts of his interactions with his owners and other whites illustrate the seemingly paradoxical nature of black-white relations in the Old South. On December 28, 1859, he and many other slaves, some without passes, were at a "fancy ball" given by "thre of the leading Socitivity Colord people of the Flat Shoals" and attended also by a number of white men, including J. C. Freeman. When patrollers surrounded the house, demanding the surrender of the slaves without passes, the whites told the patrollers that they "would have to whip them" before they could touch any of the blacks, most of whom they owned. Again Holloway made it clear that he and many slaves knew that if the Union army were victorious, they would be freed. Nevertheless, he and others remained loyal to their owners. Holloway cited many instances of slave behavior which reflected this allegiance and substantiated this statement by him:

Strang as it may appeare many Thousands [slaves] had learnd to love there owners and under no Consideration

would they have lifted up there hands against them Many Thousands of the Slave holders ware kind to there Slaves Many of them would not under any Consideration parte a Man from his wief or a woman from her husbands Theas however ware the Exseption and no[t] the rule

Holloway also pointed out that though the white men were away during the war years, leaving the white women and girls at home with the slaves, "I have got to hear of the first one yet that betrade his or her Trust." Moreover slaves often "Turnd out to be the hardest kind of over Sears over the rest."

All this notwithstanding, Holloway called the day he was set free (June 4, 1865) "the greatest day that I had ever known up to that day ... Amen Amen Amen." He also recalled Freeman's reaction after announcing to his slaves that they were emancipated. "He Told us that he was Free to he felt like a bird out of a Cage Amen Amen Amen."

Added to the joy of freedom of movement and of family reunion was the birth in July 1865 of the Houston Holloways' first child, "the first child bornd in the naborhood after Freedum."

As the remainder of the journal indicates, the new status of blacks brought complications and vexations despite the best efforts of many Freedmen's Bureau workers and military government personnel. As Holloway put it: "we Colord people did not know how to be free, and the white people did not know how to have a free Colord person about them at that time."

After 1865 Holloway supported his family as a blacksmith, as a preacher, briefly as a teacher, and finally, again as a blacksmith and foreman. After Holloway resigned from the preaching circuit in 1882 he settled his family in Turin, Georgia, opened a blacksmith shop, and built a home. "Preaching In my humble way at night and Blacksmithing in the day," Holloway was able to send one son to Fisk University and a daughter to Tuskegee Institute. The eldest son, John Wesley Holloway, A.B., B.D., became a minister, educator, and poet. The girl, Mary, died in 1893. After Mrs. Holloway's death in 1894, the widower accepted employment in Newnan as foreman of a blacksmith shop and increased his church activities. Near the end of his autobiographical narrative (ca. 1913), he recalled belatedly that he had married his present wife on November 9, 1895, and had "lived a Sweet plesasant lief with this Good woman Pollie

94

He told us that we would not need
 one this was the last time that ever
 asked for a pass June the 18th 1865
 It would be needless to say we had
 a big time that day this Brings us to
 to the greatest day that I had ever
 known up to that day Early Monday
 morning Mr J. Freeman told me to hitch
 his horse to the Buggy I promptly obeyed
 he went to the Culwell place and
 all of the slaves up and set them
 free and from there to the more
 place and set them free and was
 at home by noon passing by the
 shop he told me to go to the mill
 and tell Floyd and Lewis to come
 to the house this was my last as
 a slave it promptly obeyed
 At the house Dinner was served
 and about 20 of us was called
 up to the house above and set free
 Amen Amen Amen
 He Told us that he was Free to he
 felt like a bird out of a cage
 Amen Amen Amen

On page 94 of his autobiographical journal, Houston Holloway recalls not only his jubilation upon hearing that he was being freed but also his master's cryptic comment suggesting a certain kind of relief for himself. From the Houston Hartsfield Holloway Papers.

Ann Slaughter," a minister's daughter, who had borne him six children.

In addition to providing insights on the life of a persevering, religious, family man, the Holloway autobiographical journal abounds in observations about race relations, politics, the economy, local battles of the Civil War, the progress—and lack of it—of Georgia freedmen, and the church as a religious and social institution. Detailed descriptions of the folkways of slaves and the lyrics of some of their songs may be of special interest to folklorists.

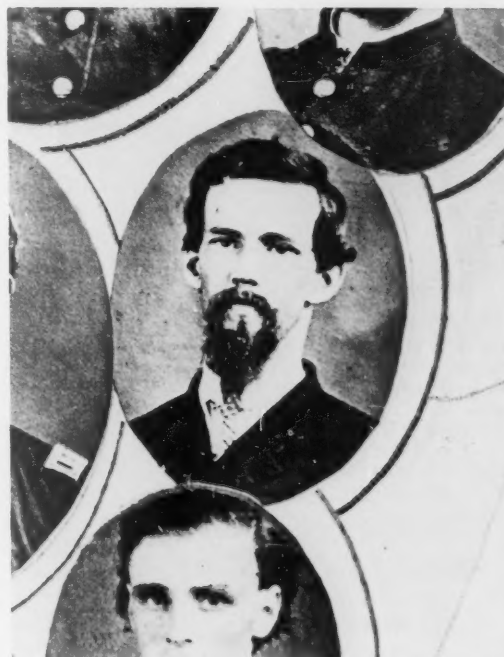
George North Carruthers Papers

The two descendants of a nineteenth century army chaplain have donated some of his writings to the Library. The "Historic Record, 51st U.S. Col'd Infantry," by Chaplain George N. Carruthers, covers the period between May 9, 1863, and April 30, 1866, about two weeks before Carruthers's discharge from the Union army at his request, for medical reasons. In some ninety-five pages, the record includes a detailed account of the organization and initial combat service of the unit; monthly reports and observations; letters from Carruthers to headquarters officers; a list and group picture of field, staff, and line officers of the Fifty-first; and vital statistics of 181 black couples married by Carruthers. Another portion of the gift is an undated manuscript speech, "Incidents and Deductions from Army life in the South West," apparently delivered by Carruthers at Oberlin College after he returned to civilian life.

According to the "Record," the Fifty-first Colored Infantry was organized at Miliken's Bend, Louisiana, on May 9, 1863, with white officers transferred from the Third Missouri Volunteers. Within the month, while still "raw 'field hands,'" the men were sent into combat and so distinguished themselves that the "regiment received from General Grant the privilege of having Miliken's Bend inscribed upon its banner."

Carruthers suggested the significance of the troops' heroic performance; beyond demonstrating the eagerness of the men to participate directly in the fight for their freedom, he believed that their exemplary behavior would do much to improve the low opinion of ex-slaves that was held by most of the white population. According to Carruthers, soldiering in the army was degrading to most white men but was an opportunity for ex-slaves because their lives had been so severely constricted during bondage.

The "Record" further outlines the generally creditable performance of members of the Fifty-first in carrying out orders for service ranging from combat to labor in Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, and Florida. Though the soldiers were exposed to all the risks of war, most of the officers tried to protect them from the fraud, peonage, and destitution which plagued the black civilian population in the battle areas.



Chaplain George North Carruthers as he appeared in a group picture of officers who served with him in the Fifty-first U.S. Colored Infantry. From the George North Carruthers Papers.

170		Marriage Record.		
Date.	Names of Parties.	Residence.	Age.	
1	1864. Isaac Brown	Goodrich Legden	50	
	Jan 6. Nancy Brown	"	50	
2	" 11" Peter Cook	Goodrich Legden	30	
	Martha Cook	"	20	
3	" 11" William Howard	"	57	
	Mary Howard	"	40	
4	" 11" James Jones	"	19	
	Ellen Jones	"	19	
5	" 19" Charles Jones	Washington Legden	27	
	Martha Jones	"	25	
6	" 19" Isaac Smith	51st W. S. C. S.	40	
	Martha Smith	"	30	
7	" 19" James Williams	Goodrich Legden	37	
	Martha Williams	"	38	
8	" 17" John Smith	Goodrich Legden	20	
	Ellen Smith	"	20	
9	" 20" James Smith	Goodrich Legden	20	
	Martha Smith	"	20	
10	" 20" John Smith	51st W. S. C. S.	48	
	Martha Smith	"	26	
11	" 20" John Smith	Goodrich Legden	26	
	Martha Smith	"	26	
12	" 20" John Smith	Goodrich Legden	26	
	Martha Smith	"	26	
13	" 20" John Smith	Goodrich Legden	26	
	Martha Smith	"	26	
14	" 20" John Smith	Goodrich Legden	26	
	Martha Smith	"	26	
15	" 20" John Smith	Goodrich Legden	26	
	Martha Smith	"	26	
16	" 20" John Smith	Goodrich Legden	26	
	Martha Smith	"	26	
17	" 20" John Smith	Goodrich Legden	26	
	Martha Smith	"	26	
18	" 20" John Smith	Goodrich Legden	26	
	Martha Smith	"	26	

These detailed entries from the marriage record of enlisted members (all black) of the Fifty-first are one means Carruthers employed to redress the carelessness—and consequent inconvenience or worse to the freed slaves—of former owners in keeping vital records on their slaves. His careful attention to gradations of color is also unusual. From the George North Carruthers Papers.

171		Marriage Record.		
Color.	Father.	Mother.	Residence.	Notes.
Black	"	"	1st W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	2nd W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	3rd W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	4th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	5th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	6th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	7th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	8th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	9th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	10th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	11th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	12th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	13th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	14th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	15th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	16th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	17th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	18th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	19th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	20th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	21st W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	22nd W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	23rd W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	24th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	25th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	26th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	27th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	28th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	29th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	30th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	31st W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	32nd W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	33rd W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	34th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	35th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	36th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	37th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	38th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	39th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	40th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	41st W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	42nd W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	43rd W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	44th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	45th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	46th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	47th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	48th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	49th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	50th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	51st W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	52nd W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	53rd W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	54th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	55th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	56th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	57th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	58th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	59th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	60th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	61st W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	62nd W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	63rd W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	64th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	65th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	66th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	67th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	68th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	69th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	70th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	71st W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	72nd W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	73rd W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	74th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	75th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	76th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	77th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	78th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	79th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	80th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	81st W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	82nd W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	83rd W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	84th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	85th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	86th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	87th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	88th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	89th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	90th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	91st W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	92nd W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	93rd W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	94th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	95th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	96th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	97th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	98th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	99th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson
Black	"	"	100th W. S. C. S.	John H. Jackson

However, Carruthers did note that in 1864 the regiment had received from the North "some conscripted substitutes, colored men forced to go as substitutes for drafted white men." In addition, "many ... were defrauded out of their money by the officials in charge of them," about \$4,000 in the Fifty-first alone.

The greatest threat to the morale of the black soldiers as a whole was "the unsettled conditions of their families." In this connection Carruthers stated in his November 1864 report that "at one time they are summarily carried off to work on some plantations and when the season is over they are left unpaid and destitute, and but yesterday five hundred men women and children

were landed upon our levee from these plantations many of them without a change of clothing or a mouthful to eat and without any shelter for the winter—except such rude huts as they may be able to erect from stray scraps of lumber.”

Chaplain Carruthers recounted in his Oberlin College speech that civilian families likewise were separated when they reached the army lines: “different regiments had their recruiting officers waiting for the men—who were immediately picked up and carried to the different recruiting offices without their families as accident determined. Thus men lost their wives and wives did not know where their husbands were.”

Carruthers’s understanding of the special difficulties faced by the black soldiers’ families in securing their legal rights also apparently helped to motivate his keeping the “Marriage Record” in 1864; he stated on the cover page that “without [it] no soldier’s widow or children could draw back pay.”

Throughout the “Record” Carruthers expressed concern for the general welfare of blacks. He deplored the adverse conditions under which they were forced to live in the cities and around the military posts as well as on confiscated plantations. When the slaves left their places of servitude, voluntarily or otherwise, they took little or nothing with them; and when they arrived in a city or at a camp they seldom found employment. Some who secured jobs were taxed 10 percent of their wages by government officials. Moreover, ex-slaves in need were often denied relief sent specifically for them. At times these conditions, combined with frequent moves, extreme cold, poor diet, inadequate housing, and contagious disease, increased the mortality rate to 50 percent.

In the fall of 1865 Carruthers received temporary duty as assistant superintendent of the Freedmen’s Bureau in several Louisiana parishes. Writing of his experiences after he returned to the Fifty-first in December, he expressed grave reservation over the possibility of successfully helping the black civilian population once Union troops were removed. On April 30, 1866, in his last letter to headquarters, Carruthers reported that the men of the Fifty-first were faithfully performing their peacetime duties and that he had been spending much of his time explaining to them “the Civil and politi-

cal rights” which they had heretofore been enjoined from exercising, “much less enjoying.” He also noted that further struggle lay ahead in Congress.

Black History Miscellany

Various aspects of the accounts by Holloway and Carruthers are further confirmed by some of the discrete items acquired during the past year, such as a slave birth certificate (1815), the wedding certificate of a black couple (1867), a list of slaves sold and receipt for same (1819), lists showing separation of slave families to settle an estate (n.d.), and an application by a Negro veteran for compensation for service during the Civil War (1864).

These and similar materials have been added to the Black History Miscellany—under either “Slaves and Slavery” or “Freemen and Freedmen.” This collection also incorporates holdings which formerly constituted the Slave Miscellany.

Cultural History

James M. Cain Papers

In 1966 James Mallahan Cain (1892–1977) donated the first portion of his papers to the Library. A substantial addition (about ten thousand items) was conveyed by the Cain estate in 1978.

A prolific writer of fiction, Cain has been called “the twenty-minute egg of the hard-boiled school.”⁶ Like his contemporaries Dashiell Hammett and Raymond Chandler, the best of the “tough guy novelists,” Cain carved out a new sort of hard-bitten style. But Cain’s precise method was his own, characterized by a severe economy of language and an ability to sustain a level of action and suspense that has caused several critics to comment on the difficulty of laying aside a Cain story before finishing it.

Also like Chandler, Cain turned to the novel in middle age and after a varied career. His father was president of Washington College, Chestertown, Maryland, and Cain received his bachelor’s and master’s degrees there. After brief stints with the *Baltimore American* and *Sun*, he served with the Allied Expeditionary Force in



James M. Cain in Hollywood—a mid-1940s photograph, done by Melbourne Spurr. From the James M. Cain Papers.

France. Returning to the *Sun* after the war, Cain attracted the attention of H. L. Mencken, who proposed that he contribute a series of articles to the embryonic *American Mercury*. The first sketch, "The Labor Leader," appeared in the second issue of the *Mercury* (February 1924), and Sinclair Lewis wrote to Mencken from London: "Christ that was a lovely article by Mr. James Cain."⁷

By this time Cain was professor of journalism at St. John's College, Annapolis. His *Mercury* sketches were noticed by Walter Lippmann, who hired him as editorial writer for the *New York World*. Cain became Lippmann's friend and protégé, and a volume of his articles was published as his first book, *Our Government* (1930). The *World* was absorbed by another paper in the following year, and Cain, now a respected journalist and writer, joined the editorial staff of *The New Yorker*. But working for Harold Ross was not to his liking, nor was the New York climate (he had suffered from tuberculosis some years

earlier), so Cain soon left for Hollywood to write filmscripts.

He was less than a success in California and soon became disillusioned with the banality of the material he was expected to write. A series of conversations with his friend and colleague Vincent Lawrence gave him the idea for a novel, and early in 1933 he began it. With Lippmann's encouragement, "Bar-B-Q" was finally accepted for publication by Alfred Knopf. But Knopf did not care for the title, and neither did Cain. The final compromise was *The Postman Always Rings Twice* (1934).

Postman was an instant success. It made Cain's reputation, and to this day it is considered by critics not only to be his finest book but one of the most important productions of the "hard-boiled" movement. Perhaps Julian Symons characterized it best, as "a taut tart tale of sex and money, told with an absolute concentration on the bare, relevant material of crime."⁸ The *New York Times* review announced that Cain's style made Hemingway look like a lexicographer.

Still working for the studios and writing in various forms to earn a living, Cain turned out (among other books) three more first-rate novels of their kind—*Double Indemnity* (first published in *Liberty* magazine, 1936), *Serenade* (1937), and *Mildred Pierce* (1941). Although he wrote many more novels, some of which were excellent (especially *The Butterfly*, 1947) and a number of which were best-sellers, he never regained the creative plateau he had reached in the thirties.

Ironically enough, although Cain was never a success as a screenwriter, three of his books were transformed by others into excellent films which still command respect today: *Double Indemnity* (1944), with Barbara Stanwyck and Fred MacMurray, adapted by Raymond Chandler and Billy Wilder; *Mildred Pierce* (1945), for which Joan Crawford won an Oscar as best actress; and finally *The Postman Always Rings Twice* (1946), with Lana Turner and John Garfield. Having had enough of Hollywood himself, Cain re-

The first page of the typescript of The Postman Always Rings Twice, written in 1933 and originally titled "Bar-B-Q." From the James M. Cain Papers.

Cain

J. M. Cain
616 East 10th St.,
Durham, Calif.

BAR-B-Q

By James M. Cain

new addition
chapter beginnings

*start upper & lower case
with usual paragraph
indent*

They threw me off the hay truck about noon. I had swung on the night before, down at the border, and as soon as I got up there under the canvas, I went to sleep. I needed plenty of that, after three weeks in Tia Juana, and I was still getting it when they pulled off to one side to let the engine cool. Then they saw a foot sticking out and threw me off. I tried some comical stuff, but all I got was a dead pan, so that gag was out. They gave me a cigarette, though, and I hiked down the road to find something to eat.

That was when I hit this Twin Oaks Tavern. It was nothing but a roadside sandwich joint, like a million others in California. There was a lunchroom part, and over that the house part, where they lived, and off to one side a filling station, and out back a half dozen shacks that they called an auto court. I blew in there in a hurry and began looking down the road. When the Greek showed, I asked if a guy had been by in a cadillac. He was to pick me up here, I said, and we were to have lunch. Not today, said the Greek. He layed a place at one of the tables and asked me what I was going to have. I said orange juice, corn flakes, fried eggs and bacon, enchilada, flapjacks, and coffee. Pretty soon he came out with the orange juice and the corn flakes.

"Hold on, now. One thing I got to tell you. If this guy don't show up, you'll have to trust me for it. This was to

turned to Maryland in 1948. His last novel, *The Institute*, was published in 1976, and the following year he died, while still working on his autobiography.

At present, the Cain Papers in the Manuscript Division do not include production material for all of his novels, but the division expects to receive more literary manuscripts. Examples from this category which are already part of the papers are the printer's typescript, with author's emendations, of *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, as well as galley and page proofs for the book, and the playscript (with extensive alterations) of the 1953 dramatic version; the printer's typescript, with emendations, of *Love's Lovely Countersfeit* (1942); a heavily amended typescript of *Past All Dishonor* (1946); and the printer's typescript and galley proofs of *Galatea* (1953). There are research notes and data for many of Cain's other books, and a number of typescripts and notes for stories, articles, and reviews, including some unpublished material.

The papers include an extensive amount of correspondence. This is sparse before the Hollywood years, but the letters grow in number at about the time *Postman* was taking form and they amply document Cain's life and work from the 1930s to his death. After his return to Maryland he discarded very little, so that the last period of his life is best represented by the correspondence (which constitutes nearly all of the 1978 gift).

The collection of letters is unusually rich, and all the more valuable to scholars because of Cain's habit of retaining carbon copies of nearly everything he wrote. Some of his more notable correspondents were James Cagney, Raymond Chandler, Joan Crawford, Thomas E. Dewey, Clifton Fadiman, James T. Farrell, John L. Lewis, Walter Lippmann, H. L. Mencken, Sean O'Faolain, Harold Ross, Lawrence Spivak, Barbara Stanwyck, Rebecca West, E. B. White, and Edmund Wilson. The ample correspondence with his publishers (chiefly Alfred A. Knopf) is of value in tracing the production, sale, and translation of his books, and these files contain such interesting data as publication figures and periodic financial statements.

Cain wrote many letters explaining the inspiration and plot developments for his various books, and these are especially numerous in

later years, when authors, critics, and students sought such information from him. Probably the most frequent question was the meaning of *Postman's* title, and a typical 1934 reply was:

The title of that book grew out of a conversation with a friend, who was telling me of the suspense in waiting for the postman, in connection with some matter he had on hand. He spoke of the postman's habit of ringing twice, so you would know it was the postman. He checked up on it, and found that all postmen are in the habit of ringing twice, and I thought it would make a good title. That is, that when the postman rang the second time for my character, after he had got away with it the first time, he had to answer the bell. That is all there was to it.

The "friend" was Vincent Lawrence, and eventually Cain amplified the explanation into an extensive commentary presented in 1951 on the American Broadcasting Company's program, "Talk Back"; the script is in his papers. At the other end of the scale are the letters to Cain condemning his books as obscene. He patiently replied to many of these, and in at least several cases his arguments bore fruit. One detractor replied: "I never thought of books in that way before and you are undoubtedly right. I will read it [*Postman*] again." But Cain could hardly have been heartened by a 1934 letter from the dean of women at Washington College announcing that *Postman* was not allowed on the library shelves of his own alma mater.

Not only was Cain inclined to write about the development of his own craft, but he was equally willing to reminisce about his noted friends and contemporaries. In a number of letters, several being of great length, he recalled his experiences with Mencken, from accounts of the first meeting to assessments of the sage of Baltimore's precise effect on the age and those who knew him: "You have to remember that in the 1920s, American writing was under the spell of utterly mean ideals. . . . He broke them apart with a meat axe, and somehow, it was a tremendous thing. At the lunch table, this gay, grinning, joke-cracking Mephisto, with his eyes crinkling up, his laugh roaring out, his hands expressing the derision he felt at all this sugary stuff, was indeed something to do your soul good." There are portraits in Cain's incisive prose of Ernest Hemingway, Sinclair Lewis, Walter Lippmann, Harold Ross and "the boys at the *New Yorker*," and many others.

The Cain Papers are augmented by many

photographs, identified press clippings, and subject files concerning his books and Hollywood activities, as well as a small group of the papers of the last Mrs. Cain, the singer Florence Macbeth.

Scientific History

Luther Burbank Papers

The most noteworthy 1978 acquisition in the history of science and allied fields was the papers of plant breeder and horticulturist Luther Burbank (1849–1926), a gift of the estate of Mrs. Luther Burbank.

Known to several generations as “the plant wizard” and classed in the popular mind with such “heroes of progress” as Thomas Alva Edison and Alexander Graham Bell, Burbank was a remarkable innovator whose true merit has been greatly obscured by the excessive and often immoderate praise accorded him in his lifetime.

Burbank was born on a farm in Lancaster, Massachusetts, where he gained the basic skills which would help him in his career. He attended the excellent Lancaster Academy and was a frequent reader in the town library. As a young man he obtained an edition (still preserved among his books) of Charles Darwin's *The Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication* (1868), which, as he later explained, marked a turning point in his intellectual development.

In 1871 the twenty-one-year-old Burbank purchased his own land near Lunenburg and began truck gardening, supplying the nearby town of Fitchburg with produce. There he began his experiments, by selecting individual plants with unusually great bearing capacity, early ripening, faster growth, or other desirable characteristics. These “superior” plants were used to further his stock. Burbank's efforts to cross-pollinate white sweet corn with yellow field corn (then used for fodder) to obtain a yellow table ear were unsuccessful. Had he read the unopened pages of the Harvard University copy of a recent paper by a Catholic priest, he would have known exactly how to proceed. But the work of Gregor Mendel had yet to be “discovered,” and the modern science of genetics (as well as the development of hybrid corn, central

to the great revolution in American agriculture) was still in the future.

However, it was at Lunenburg that Burbank grasped the implications of a chance discovery and began his route to fame. His experiments to develop a large, fine-grained, white potato were a failure until he discovered an extremely rare seed pod on one of his hybrid Early Rose plants. By applying the process of selection to the seedlings which he grew, he eventually developed the Burbank potato. This, the first of his triumphs, led to descendants which account for the majority of potatoes now grown in the United States; among these is the Idaho Russet or “Idaho.”

In 1875 Burbank sold his assets and moved to California. In the town of Santa Rosa, he began a career as nurseryman, and within seven or eight years his profits had made him financially comfortable. He was now able to do what he wished. Although selling for profit would still be necessary, he could now devote most of his time to the production of more and better kinds of cultivated plants.

Burbank imported plants and seeds from foreign countries and botanized in the Northwest to find material suitable for his experiments. The results of his development of material by selection, grafting, and other methods gained international publicity after the publication of the first edition of his catalog, *New Creations in Fruits and Flowers* (1893). This announced a dazzling array of hybrid plums, prunes, chestnuts, and almonds, as well as raspberries and other berries and a host of “new” flowers.

Of course, Burbank was still working without benefit of the later science of genetics, and his success in obtaining remarkable cultivars was empiricism at its best. In an early paper, his contemporary Vernon L. Kellogg accurately summarized Burbank's methods and merits. He was importing foreign species which could be improved, if grown under different circumstances or hybridized with American stock. He was producing extreme variations by adjusting such circumstances of cultivation as space, light, food supply, water, and temperature. Furthermore, he was producing hybrids between “forms closely related, less closely related, and, finally, as dissimilar as may be (not producing



Luther Burbank and his bed of spineless *Opuntia* cactus at Santa Rosa. From the *Luther Burbank Papers*.

sterility), this hybridizing being often immensely complicated by multiplying crosses" to gain desired characteristics. Finally, Burbank had an uncanny ability to recognize desirable modifications and perpetuate them.⁹

The reports of "new creations" continued, and Burbank's reputation proceeded to grow. In popular publications his more uncritical proponents seized upon such productions as the "plumcot" (a hybrid of the plum and apricot) and his spineless cactus (developed for cattle fodder). Burbank was promoted as a "wizard," despite the protests of such sensible friends as the scientist Liberty Hyde Bailey that he had no "magic" other than patient inquiry and acute judgment.

Following immoderate and sometimes unwarranted praise by the press and popular magazines—praise that Burbank himself appar-

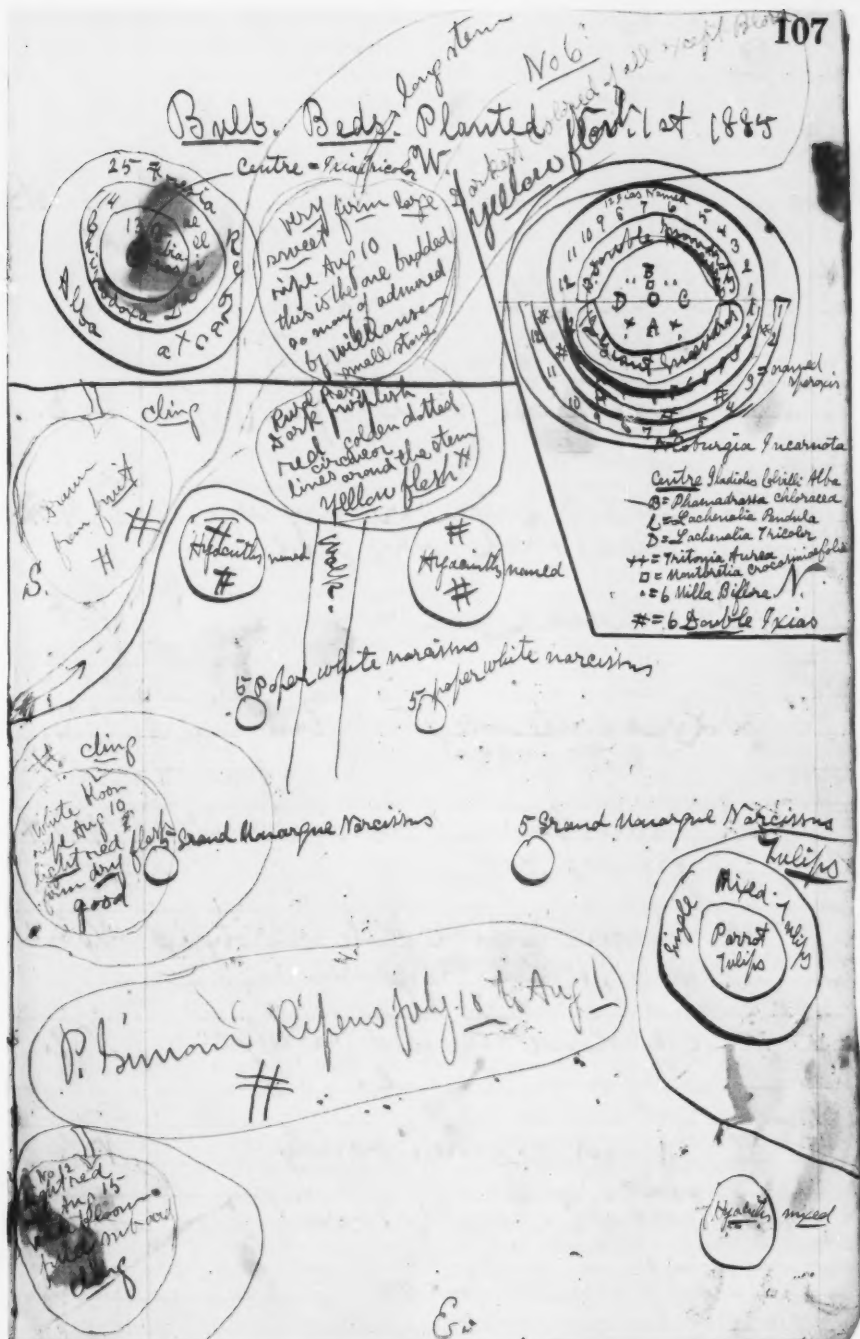
ently enjoyed and did little to combat—his reputation began to suffer greatly among scientists and other intellectuals. After financial aid had been granted him by the Carnegie Institution, an investigation of his methodology revealed that his record-keeping was frequently not up to scientific standards, although the zoologist and educator David Starr Jordan argued that this was the result of the rigorous demands of his work as compared to available time, as well as the necessity to sell his new forms.¹⁰

Undoubtedly Burbank was indeed limited as a scientist, although he was exceptionally gifted as an empiricist. In succeeding years he was alternately praised and attacked for his claims and opinions, while a core of sensible writers continued to extol his actual contributions. Financial manipulators took advantage of him, while his popular reputation soared to greater and greater heights. Yet he managed to continue his work to the end; just before his death he completed work on a new strain of his famous Shasta daisy and various new gladioli.

Burbank took some part in the complex conflicts involving the ideas of Darwin, Mendel, the biometricians, and the mutationists which were to continue until well after his lifetime and which finally resulted in a reconciliation and a basis for modern genetics. But his best work was done before the rediscovery of Mendel. The various aspects of Burbank's heritage are ably summarized by his latest biographer, Peter Dreyer,¹¹ and surely the most significant are the numerous edible and floral plants now in cultivation which descend from stock developed by the sage of Santa Rosa.

Burbank's papers (about ten thousand items) have remained in family hands since his death in 1926, although some investigators have been allowed to consult portions of them. Of considerable interest is a series of various forms of notebooks dating from the 1880s to 1926. These are of uneven value in documenting his work and illustrate the problems which beset him, such as the necessity to make hurried and sometimes insufficient notations about what he was actually doing when experimenting with large

An 1885 planting diagram from one of Luther Burbank's notebooks. From the *Luther Burbank Papers*.



quantities and varying kinds of material. Moreover, Burbank was naturally inclined to trust to memory and (as he never claimed to be trying to add to scientific knowledge) he concentrated on recording the finished product rather than the means of obtaining it—therefore, the notations which he left at times provide inadequate data for those studying his work.

The notebooks include nursery plan books; scattered records of yearly planting, modification, and yield of various species and hybrids; records of the purchase of experimental material which illustrate Burbank's diligence in obtaining seeds and plants from various parts of the world for propagation and modification; and general sales records which document the "business" aspect of Burbank's activities and indicate the recipients of his material and the profits he received. There is a considerable volume of typescript records of genera and species he kept in cultivation (again providing information about the extremely wide original geographical distribution of his plants and the extensive range of his species within the botanical kingdom). These records include various ideas for further research on individual species and variations.

Several scrapbooks consist of small manuscript and typed notes concerning seeds and plants received and distributed. In some cases separate data were kept for the original farm (now in downtown Santa Rosa) and the tract at Sebastopol, some miles away, which Burbank later purchased because he needed more space for the vast numbers of plants he cultivated. There are many drawings of fruits and other products of his experiments, and sketches illustrating attempts at grafting and other techniques. Although these are of great interest, they also are of uneven value because many lack sufficient data for proper evaluation.

Personal materials include a variety of family records beginning with Burbank's childhood in Lancaster and his attendance at the academy. The family correspondence is valuable as there are many letters written and received by Burbank, some as early as 1857. For example, during and after the journey to California he kept his family informed of his progress and impressions; reaching his destination, he wrote: "I firmly believe from what I have seen that this is

the chosen spot of all the earth as far as nature is concerned." The climate was "perfect." He had taken a long walk "and found enough curious plants in a wild spot of about an acre to set a botanist wild," such as "the wild yam which I hunted for so much in New England, also the yerba buena, a vine which has a pleasant taste like peppermint." Burbank meant "to get a piece of land (hire or buy) and plant it, then I can do other work just the same." The result was his purchase of the first tract at Santa Rosa.

Several of Burbank's personal diaries are present. One records a return journey to Massachusetts in 1888, and illustrates his rural Yankee frugality. Burbank spent \$64.75 for tickets and subsisted on inexpensive meals supplemented by nuts and fruits, so that his entire expenditure for the eight-day journey to Worcester was only \$78.75. (At this time Burbank's profit from sales was over ten thousand dollars a year, a very substantial income for a nurseryman in 1888, but a considerable amount of his income was used for perpetuating his farms and purchasing new stock.)

There is an extensive general correspondence, and in many cases drafts or carbons of Burbank's letters have been retained. There are many exchanges with Burbank's sources of material, as well as inquiries and orders in response to his seed catalogs. Although much of the correspondence derived from public adulation and some was simply "fan mail," Burbank wrote to and received letters from a wide spectrum of scientists, naturalists, horticulturists, authors, and public men from Henry Ford and Edwin Markham to Thomas A. Edison and David Starr Jordan.

Some of the correspondence and other manuscript materials are embellished by explanatory notes in the last Mrs. Burbank's hand. For example, an exchange of letters between Burbank and the famous naturalist and conservationist John Muir (who had also been a pioneer California horticulturist) indicates that even in 1910 the two had not met personally; Muir wrote that it was "strange how people so near are so long kept apart. . . . when I have thought of visiting I have always imagined you overwhelmed and inaccessible in a crowd." Mrs. Burbank's attached note explains that some time later Muir and Burbank met by accident in San

Francisco. "They recognized each other and neither said a word but with their arms around each other's shoulders went on up Market Street."

At an early period Burbank realized the value of photography in recording the course and results of plant breeding. His papers include over a thousand prints and another large quantity of glass plate negatives which document his work, although, as is true of other materials, relevant data are sometimes lacking. There are many family photographs and an interesting series of prints depicting Burbank at work and receiving guests at Santa Rosa. Numerous prints record the appearance of Burbank's plots, buildings, greenhouses, and interiors at various periods. When the collection is organized for reader use, these materials will be transferred to the Library's Prints and Photographs Division.

Among the papers is a series of scrapbooks of carefully identified press notices concerning Burbank and his work. These begin with initial accounts of the new potato before his departure for California and gradually swell in number and frequency. Burbank subscribed to an especially efficient clipping service, so that the vast material in the scrapbooks serves as a well-documented source of information about his public image. There are also reprints of more scholarly assessments and a large quantity of ephemeral printed materials, including a supposedly complete series of Burbank's catalogs assembled by the estate.

A selection of Burbank's papers has been retained by the city of Santa Rosa, according to the terms of gift, for display in the Burbank home, which is being converted into a museum. The Library has microfilmed the approximately one thousand items conveyed to the city so that the entire body of papers is represented in the Manuscript Division.

Archives and Records

From the Committee of Americans for the Canal Treaties, Inc., the division received a one-volume brief history detailing its origins and operations during the period of national debate over the ratification of the Panama Canal treaties. The purpose of the committee, an ad

hoc group (October 1977–April 1978), was to mobilize public support for ratification of the treaties. Historians of foreign policy will be interested in the composition of the committee, the scope of its activities, and its impact upon one of the most heated Senate debates in American diplomatic history.

Large and important additions also were made to several existing collections. Among these were approximately 350,000 items of WPA records. Included in this addition are Federal Theater Project play production records. The material consists of play readers' reports, drama and research files, production notebooks, programs, playbills, posters, playscripts, radioscripts, and scrapbooks. Some eighty-five thousand items of correspondence, committee files, financial records, administrative files, and reports were added to the records of the American Psychological Association. A large addition (close to thirty-nine thousand items) was also received from the Leadership Conference on Civil Rights. The bulk of the material comprises correspondence, subject files, and task force reports.

Reproductions

Among the Library's manuscript collections published in microfilm editions in 1978 were the papers of Carrie Chapman Catt, feminist and suffragette; Supreme Court Justice John Marshall Harlan; Richard Olney, President Cleveland's attorney general and secretary of state; and Joseph Pulitzer II (1885–1955), editor and publisher of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. Portions of collections filmed for reader use included the diaries and notebooks (1900–19) of Wilbur and Orville Wright; the letterbooks (1882–1909) of career diplomat Henry White; and the diaries (1865–98) of John Russell Young, journalist, diplomat, and Librarian of Congress.

Microfilm publications of collections in other repositories accessioned by the Library included the papers of Thomas Jefferson at the University of Virginia, James A. Garfield at the Ohio Historical Society, Henry L. Stimson at Yale University, George Washington Carver at Tuskegee Institute, J. Sterling Morton at the Nebraska State Historical Society, David Starr

Jordan at Stanford University, and the Shaker Collection at the Western Reserve Historical Society.

Acquisitions through the foreign copying program consisted chiefly of selections from

several record groups in the Archives nationales in Paris, mainly from Archives Privées and Series B in the Archives de la Marine. Microfilm acquisitions for the year totaled more than one thousand reels.

NOTES

1. *American State Papers: Miscellaneous*, 1: 724-921.
2. *Ibid.*, 2: 420-23.
3. *Annals of Congress*, 14th Cong., 2d sess., p. 851 et seq.
4. Melville W. Fuller to J. C. Bancroft Davis, January 18, 1890, John Chandler Bancroft Davis Papers, Manuscript Division.
5. In this report and in the list that follows, an asterisk indicates restriction on access to the collection. Information concerning access may be sought through the chief of the Manuscript Division.
6. David Madden, "James M. Cain and the Tough Guy Novelists of the 30s," in Warren G. French, ed., *The Thirties: Fiction, Poetry, Drama* (Deland, Fla.: Everett/Edwards, 1967), p. 63.
7. Carl Bode, "Let's Lift a Glass to James M. Cain," *Baltimore Sun*, June 25, 1978, D1.
8. Julian Symons, *Mortal Consequences* (New York: Schocken Books, 1973), p. 141.
9. Vernon L. Kellogg, "Scientific Aspects of Luther Burbank's Work," *The Popular Science Monthly* 69 (October 1906): 364-65.
10. David Starr Jordan, "Some Experiments of Luther Burbank," *The Popular Science Monthly* 66 (January 1905): 201.
11. Peter Dreyer, *A Gardener Touched with Genius: The Life of Luther Burbank* (New York: Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, 1975), pp. 279-300.

MANUSCRIPT DIVISION ACQUISITIONS, 1978

Listed below are the principal manuscript acquisitions of the Library of Congress that were added to the holdings of the Manuscript Division during 1978. Manuscripts in the fields of law, music, maps, and Orientalia, books in manuscript, and reproductions of manuscripts not of specific interest for the study of U.S. history are described in other *Quarterly Journal* reports.

The arrangement is alphabetical by collection title within the following classified scheme.

- I. Presidential Papers
- II. Personal Papers
 - A. Diplomatic, Military, Political, and Social History
 - 1. Colonial, Revolutionary, and National Periods (to 1860)
 - 2. Civil War and Reconstruction (to 1900)
 - 3. Twentieth Century
 - B. Cultural History
 - C. Scientific History
- III. Collections
- IV. Archives and Records
- V. Reproductions
 - A. Domestic
 - B. Foreign

Gifts and purchases of a small number of items for addition to existing collections are not always included in the list of acquisitions. Among the benefactors who, by gift or deposit of such material, have strengthened the national manuscript collections are the following:

Miss Louisa Rodgers Alger, Cambridge, Mass.; Oliver E. Allen, Pelham, N. Y.; Mrs. Paul A. Alles, Boulder, Colo.; Miss Nancy L. Benco, Washington, D. C.; Daniel J. Boorstin, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Daniel J. Boorstin, Washington, D. C.; Stuart Chase, Georgetown, Conn.; Miss Margaretta Childs, Charleston, S. C.; Cyril Clemens, Kirkwood, Mo.; George B. Eckhart, Tucson, Ariz.; Harry T. Friedman, Brooklyn,

N. Y.; George Gallup, Princeton, N. J.; Stuart A. Goldman, Randolph, Mass.; Mrs. Mary E. C. Gregory, Bethesda, Md.; Vincent F. Gutendorf, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.; Mrs. Martha P. Hensley, Rockville, Md.; Miss Virginia Hollerith, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Roger Holmes, South Hadley, Mass.; Comdr. Richard C. Drum Hunt, Jr., Chevy Chase, Md.; Mrs. J. Donald Jordan, Cotulla, Tex.; Mrs. Philip B. Lovett, State College, Pa.; David C. Mearns, Alexandria, Va.; James A. Michener, St. Michaels, Md.; Roy Morser, New York, N. Y.; National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, New York, N. Y.; Mrs. Reinhold Niebuhr, Stockbridge, Mass.; Maj. Gen. George S. Patton, U. S. Army; Mrs. John S. Pillsbury, Crystal Bay, Minn.; Arthur B. Poole, Palo Alto, Calif.; Robert H. Proctor, Norman, Okla.; Carl R. Rogers, La Jolla, Calif.; Robert Seager II, Lexington, Ky.; Paul G. Sifton, Washington, D. C.; Max Steinhaus, Los Angeles, Calif.; University of Massachusetts Library, Amherst, Mass.; Mrs. Ethel Lively Watson, Washington, D. C.; and Tessim Zorach, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A key to the symbols used follows:

- A Addition
- AL Autograph letter
- ALS Autograph letter signed
- AM Autograph manuscript
- AMS Autograph manuscript signed
- D Deposit
- DS Document signed
- E Exchange
- G Gift
- N New
- P Purchase
- T Transfer
- TLS Typed letter signed

*See note 5, page 428.

<i>Collection title</i>	<i>Source</i>	<i>Category</i>	<i>Approximate number of items</i>
I. Presidential Papers			
Buchanan, James ALS, 1860 (photocopy)	Max G. Lowenherz New York, N.Y.	G A	1
Cleveland, Grover ALS, 1891, to H. A. Stearns TLS, 1892 (photocopy)	Christie, Manson, and Woods International New York, N.Y.	P/G A	5
	Mrs. Ruth Johns Centerline, Mich.		
Coolidge, Calvin TLS, 1915, to Michael J. O'Shea TLS, 1921, to William Tippy	Robert F. Batchelder Ambler, Pa.	P A	2
	Paul C. Richards Templeton, Mass.		
Harrison, Benjamin ALS, 1891, to George F. Edmunds	Kresge Library Rochester, Mich.	G A	1
Jefferson, Thomas AL, 1800, to Philip Mazzei ALS, 1801, to John Watson	Sotheby Parke Bernet New York, N.Y.	P A	3
	Bruce Gimelson Chalfont, Pa.		
Lincoln, Abraham Photocopies	National Archives and Records Service Washington, D.C.	T/G A	500
	Robert J. Kramer Silver Spring, Md.		
	Hon. James W. Symington Washington, D.C.		

<i>Collection title</i>	<i>Source</i>	<i>Category</i>	<i>Approximate number of items</i>
I. Presidential Papers—Continued			
Madison, James AMS, 1817 AL, 1828, to James A. Graham	Christie, Manson, and Woods International New York, N.Y.	P A	4
	Robert F. Batchelder Ambler, Pa.		
Pierce, Franklin AM, 1829	Paul C. Richards Templeton, Mass.	P A	1
Roosevelt, Theodore 1888–1912 (originals and photocopies)	Archibald Roosevelt, Jr. Washington, D.C.	G/P A	19
	Christie, Manson, and Woods International New York, N.Y.		
	Sotheby Parke Bernet New York, N.Y.		
	Bruce Gimelson Chalfont, Pa.		
	Joe L. Bruns Seguin, Tex.		
Taft, William Howard ALS, 1928, to David S. Woodrow	Christie, Manson, and Woods International New York, N.Y.	P A	1
Van Buren, Martin DS, 1808	H. Caron Santa Monica, Calif.	P A	1
Washington, George ALS, 1780 (photocopy)	Richard C. Berner Seattle, Wash.	G A	1

<i>Collection title</i>	<i>Source</i>	<i>Category</i>	<i>Approximate number of items</i>
I. Presidential Papers—Continued			
Wilson, Woodrow TLS, 1912, to Mrs. Mary Vanderpool Pennington	Paul C. Richards Templeton, Mass	P A	1
II. Personal Papers			
A. Diplomatic, Military, Political, and Social History			
1. Colonial, Revolutionary, and National Periods (to 1860)			
Cushing, Jacob Diary-almanacs	LC Rare Book and Special Collections Division	T A	2
Deane, Silas ALS, 1784	Americana Mail Auction Allentown, Pa.	P A	1
Force, Peter	Lt. Col. Robert W. Stead Omaha, Nebr.	G A	43
Geisinger, David	Americana Mail Auction Allentown, Pa.	P A	32
Greenough, William Whitwell	John T. Gibson Washington, D.C.	P N	400
Madison, Dolley (Payne) Todd	Goodspeed's Book Shop Boston, Mass.	P A	50
	F. A. G. Carter Ottawa, Ontario		
Sommers, John	Christie, Manson, and Woods International New York, N.Y.	P N	16

<i>Collection title</i>	<i>Source</i>	<i>Category</i>	<i>Approximate number of items</i>
2. Civil War and Reconstruction (to 1900)			
Booth, Junius Brutus, and family John Wilkes Booth diary (photographs)	Mr. and Mrs. Ray A. Neff Marshall, Ill. Schick Sunn Classic Productions Salt Lake City, Utah	G A	27
Carruthers, George North Journal	Leon D. Platky Silver Spring, Md. Benjamin A. Franklin Garrett Park, Md.	G N	4
Colson, Lewis Whitfield	Mrs. DeVer Colson Silver Spring, Md.	G N	73
Douglass, Frederick	Mrs. Alice V. Coffee Frankfort, Kans. Mrs. Opal M. Pollard Blythe, Calif.	G A	10
Griswold, Whiting	Terry Alford Springfield, Va.	P N	200
Hill, Sara Jane (Full) Civil War reminiscences	Thomas E. Chandler Osterville, Mass	G N	2
Holloway, Houston Hartsfield Autobiography	Mrs. Josephine G. Holloway Nashville, Tenn	G N	1
Patterson, William F.	Mr. and Mrs. Frank Goodwyn Silver Spring, Md.	G N	230
Tompkins, Aaron B.	Americana Mail Auction Allentown, Pa.	P N	12

<i>Collection title</i>	<i>Source</i>	<i>Category</i>	<i>Approximate number of items</i>
II. Personal Papers—Continued			
A. Diplomatic, Military, Political, and Social History—Continued			
3. Twentieth Century			
Brant, Irving Newton	Mrs. Robin Brant Lodewick Eugene, Oreg.	G A	40
*Brooke, Edward William	Hon. Edward W. Brooke Washington, D.C.	G N	432,800
Dudman, Richard Beebe	Richard B. Dudman Washington, D.C.	D N	6,300
Fuller, Melville Weston	Mrs. Molly Beecher Genet c/o Charles E. Doyle Peekskill, N.Y.	G/P A	4,000
	Mrs. Theodore S. Beecher Glenmont, N.Y.		
Gertz, Elmer	Elmer Gertz Chicago, Ill.	D A	6,600
*Gesell, Arnold Lucius	Judge Gerhard Gesell Washington, D.C.	G A	100
	Mrs. Katherine Gesell Walden Guilford, Conn.		
Hapgood, Norman	Miss Elizabeth Hapgood Greenfield, Mass.	G A	3,500
*Louchheim, Kathleen Scofield	Mrs. Walter C. Louchheim, Jr. Washington, D.C.	G A	2,000

<i>Collection title</i>	<i>Source</i>	<i>Category</i>	<i>Approximate number of items</i>
II. Personal Papers—Continued			
A. Diplomatic, Military, Political, and Social History—Continued			
3. Twentieth Century—Continued			
McAdoo, William Gibbs	Francis H. McAdoo via Joseph Vance Fredericksburg, Va.	G A	585
*Malik, Charles Habib	Charles H. Malik Washington, D.C.	G N	125,000
*Martin, John Bartlow	Hon. John Bartlow Martin Highland Park, Ill.	D N	400,000
Meyer, Eugene	Estate of Agnes Meyer c/o Cravath, Swaine & Moore New York, N.Y.	D A	10,000
Morris, Arthur J.	Mrs. Earle Kincaid Bethesda, Md.	G N	7,000
*Moynihan, Daniel Patrick	Hon. Daniel P. Moynihan Washington, D.C.	D A	700
*Richardson, Elliot Lee	Hon. Elliot L. Richardson McLean, Va.	G A	73,000
Robertson, James Louis	James L. Robertson Washington, D.C.	G A	3,000
*Sevareid, Arnold Eric	Eric Sevareid Washington, D.C.	G A	5,600
Spingarn, Arthur Barnett	H. H. Zand Long Beach, N.Y.	G A	51

<i>Collection title</i>	<i>Source</i>	<i>Category</i>	<i>Approximate number of items</i>
II. Personal Papers—Continued			
A. Diplomatic, Military, Political, and Social History—Continued			
3. Twentieth Century—Continued			
*Taft, Robert Alphonso	Ms. Barbara C. Martin Silver Spring, Md.	G A	3,000
Vrooman, Carl Schurz	Mrs. Carl S. Vrooman via Miss Helen M. Cavanagh Bloomington, Ill.	G N	5,000
Wilson, Donald	Maj. Gen. Donald Wilson (Ret.) Carmel, Calif. Donald Wilson, Jr. Fort Walton Beach, Fla.	G A	3,750
Wood, Leonard	Alta California Bookstore Laguna Beach, Calif.	P A	275
B. Cultural History			
Arendt, Hannah	Estate of Hannah Arendt c/o Mrs. Lotte E. Kohler New York, N.Y.	G A	10
Bowen, Catherine (Drinker)	Mrs. Barbara Rex Philadelphia, Pa.	G A	10
Cain, James Mallahan	Estate of James M. Cain c/o Mrs. Alice M. Piper Hyattsville, Md.	G A	5,500
Chapin, Katherine Garrison Playscripts	LC Copyright Office	T N	2

<i>Collection title</i>	<i>Source</i>	<i>Category</i>	<i>Approximate number of items</i>
II. Personal Papers—Continued			
B. Cultural History—Continued			
Cline, Howard Francis	LC Hispanic Division	T A	84
Coe, Richard Livingston	Richard L. Coe Washington, D.C.	G N	4,000
Colbert, John W.	Mrs. T. R. Yates San Clemente, Calif.	G N	2,500
*Cronyn, Hume, and Jessica Tandy	Hume Cronyn Pound Ridge, N.Y.	D A	15,000
Hazam, Louis Jay	Lou Hazam Silver Spring, Md.	G N	70
Kantor, MacKinlay	Mrs. MacKinlay Kantor Sarasota, Fla.	G A	10,000
*Kroll, Lucy	Mrs. Lucy Kroll New York, N.Y.	D A	11,000
Machar, Josef Svatopluk	Mrs. Joan Winn New York, N.Y.	G N	15
Peirce, Waldo	Mrs. Waldo Peirce New York, N.Y.	G A	350
Pennell, Joseph	Peter H. Davidson & Co. New York, N.Y.	G A	2,000
Reid, Alastair Translation of poems of José Emilio Pacheco	Alastair Reid New York, N.Y.	G N	1

<i>Collection title</i>	<i>Source</i>	<i>Category</i>	<i>Approximate number of items</i>
II. Personal Papers—Continued			
B. Cultural History—Continued			
Samson, George Whitfield, and family	John T. Gibson Washington, D.C.	P N	37
Skidmore, Louis	Mrs. Eloise Skidmore Winter Haven, Fla.	G N	2,500
Stokes, Rose Pastor (Wieslander) Playscripts	LC Copyright Office	T N	5
Traubel, Horace and Anne Montgomerie	Charles E. Feinberg Detroit, Mich.	G A	107
	Gertrude Traubel Philadelphia, Pa.		
Walsh, Miriam (Cooper)	LC Motion Picture, Broadcasting, and Recorded Sound Division	T A	50
C. Scientific History			
Ames, Louise Bates—Frances Ilg	Mrs. Louise Bates Ames New Haven, Conn.	G A	750
Bell, Alexander Graham	Melville Bell Grosvenor Washington, D.C.	G A	66
	Mrs. Joseph Jones via Volta Bureau Washington, D.C.		
Brill, Abraham Arden	Edmund Brill via Sigmund Freud Archives, Inc. New York, N.Y.	G A	72
Brown, H. H. Journal	Zeitlin & Ver Brugge Los Angeles, Calif.	P N	1

<i>Collection title</i>	<i>Source</i>	<i>Category</i>	<i>Approximate number of items</i>
II. Personal Papers—Continued			
C. Scientific History—Continued			
Burbank, Luther	Estate of Mrs. Luther Burbank c/o Mrs. Georgina Stewart Sacramento, Calif.	G N	10,000
Hall, Asaph	Mrs. Wylie Kilpatrick Washington, D.C.	G A	500
Ives, Frederic Eugene	Mrs. Vera Kimball Castles Chester, S.C.	G A	97
Jelliffe, Smith Ely	Mr. and Mrs. Carel Goldschmidt via Arcangelo D'Amore, M.D. Washington, D.C.	D A	28
Lorand, Sandor	Sandor Lorand, M.D. New York, N.Y.	G N	75
Pincus, Gregory	LC Exchange and Gift Division	T A	28
Selzer, Michael I.	Michael I. Selzer New York, N.Y.	G N	50

III. Collections

Feinberg-Whitman Walt Whitman	Charles E. Feinberg Detroit, Mich.	P/G/D A	579
	Feinberg Foundation Detroit, Mich.		
	William White Rochester, Mich.		

<i>Collection title</i>	<i>Source</i>	<i>Category</i>	<i>Approximate number of items</i>
III. Collections—Continued			
*Freud, Sigmund	Sigmund Freud Archives, Inc. New York, N.Y.	G A	5,333
Howe, Letitia T. Autograph letters	Miss Letitia T. Howe New York, N.Y.	G A	16
Kaufmann-Wilde Oscar Wilde	Donald J. Kaufmann Atlanta, Ga.	G N	100
Kupp, Jan Fur trade documents	Jan Kupp Victoria, British Columbia	E A	40
National Society of the Colonial Dames of America Colonial and Pioneer Women Project	National Society of the Colonial Dames of America (National Historical Activities Committee) Philadelphia, Pa.	G N	50
National Society of the Colonial Dames of America Courthouse Survey	National Society of the Colonial Dames of America Various offices	G A	9
Naval Historical Foundation United States Navy Yard, Charlestown, Mass.	Naval Historical Foundation Washington, D.C.	D A	1
United States Capitol Historical Society Oral history	U.S. Capitol Historical Society Washington, D.C.	G N	1

<i>Collection title</i>	<i>Source</i>	<i>Category</i>	<i>Approximate number of items</i>
IV. Archives and Records			
*American Psychological Association	American Psychological Association Washington, D.C.	G A	85,000
* <i>The American Scholar</i>	Phi Beta Kappa Society Washington, D.C.	G A	2,100
Bollingen Foundation	Princeton University Press Princeton, N.J.	G A	19
Committee of Americans for the Canal Treaties History of committee	George Moffett Washington, D.C.	G N	1
Leadership Conference on Civil Rights	Leadership Conference on Civil Rights Washington, D.C.	G A	39,000
National Council of Jewish Women— Washington, D.C.	National Council of Jewish Women Washington, D.C.	G A	6,000
*National Urban League	National Urban League New York, N.Y.	G A	2,000
U.S. Work Projects Administration	LC Collections Management Division	T A	350,000

<i>Collection title</i>	<i>Location of originals</i>	<i>Number of reels</i>
V. Reproductions		
A. Domestic		
Biddle family	Private ownership	1
Burbank, Luther	Luther Burbank Museum Santa Rosa, Calif.	2
Burr, Aaron	Various repositories	27
Carver, George Washington	Tuskegee Institute and other repositories	67
Catt, Carrie (Lane) Chapman	LC	18
Clay, Henry	LC	1
Cummings, Homer Stillé	University of Virginia Charlottesville, Va.	4
De Forest, Lee	Space Science Center Los Altos Hills, Calif.	5
Deming, Julius	LC	1
Flournoy, Thomas	LC	1
Garfield, James Abram	Ohio Historical Society Columbus, Ohio	1
Gibbes, Lewis Reeves	LC	8
Gleason, Arthur Huntington	LC	8

<i>Collection title</i>	<i>Location of originals</i>	<i>Number of reels</i>
V. Reproductions—Continued		
A. Domestic—Continued		
Grand Army of the Republic	LC	2
Harlan, John Marshall	LC	34
Hunt, James	LC	1
Jackman, John S.	LC	1
Jefferson, Thomas	University of Virginia Charlottesville, Va.	10
Jordan, David Starr	Stanford University Stanford, Calif.	184
Judah, Henry Moses	LC	1
Kenner, Duncan Farrar	LC	1
Maury, Betty Herndon (Maury)	LC	1
Missionary Society of Connecticut	Congregational Home Hartford, Conn.	20
Morgan, George	LC	1
Morton, Julius Sterling	Nebraska State Historical Society Lincoln, Nebr.	78
Murray, Daniel Alexander Payne	State Historical Society of Wisconsin Madison, Wis.	27

<i>Collection title</i>	<i>Location of originals</i>	<i>Number of reels</i>
V. Reproductions—Continued		
A. Domestic—Continued		
Olney, Richard	LC	62
Parsons family	LC	1
Preston, John Thomas Lewis	LC	1
Puerto Rico. Secretario del Gobierno Superior Civil (in part)	LC	1
Pulitzer, Joseph, II	LC	163
Sewall, Henry	LC	1
Shaker Collection	Western Reserve Historical Society Cleveland, Ohio	123
Smith, Ebenezer	LC	1
Stimson, Henry Lewis	Yale University New Haven, Conn.	165
Terry, Alfred Howe	LC	1
*U.S. Department of the Army Gen. George Patton's personnel records	Department of the Army Washington, D.C.	2
Varnum, James Mitchell, and John Stark	LC	1
White, Henry	LC	6

<i>Collection title</i>	<i>Location of originals</i>	<i>Number of reels</i>
V. Reproductions—Continued		
A. Domestic—Continued		
Winthrop family	Massachusetts Historical Society Boston, Mass.	53
Wright, Wilbur and Orville Diaries and notebooks	LC	1
Young, John Russell	LC	3
B. Foreign		
Charles Edward Bennett Collection Legajo 166	Archivo General de Indias Papeles de Cuba Seville, Spain	3
France, Archives nationales. Amirauté Selections from Series Zld	Archives nationales Paris, France	1
France. Archives nationales. Archives d'Associations Selections from Series 5 AS	Archives nationales Paris, France	1
France. Archives nationales. Archives d'Enterprises Selections from Series AQ	Archives nationales Paris, France	1
France. Archives nationales. Archives Imprimées Selections from Series AD	Archives nationales Paris, France	6
France. Archives nationales. Archives Privées Selections from Series AP	Archives nationales Paris, France	26

<i>Collection title</i>	<i>Location of originals</i>	<i>Number of reels</i>
V. Reproductions—Continued		
B. Foreign—Continued		
France. Archives nationales. Marine B5, B8, and E Selections	Archives nationales Paris, France	12
Fulham Palace Volumes 41–42 (1699–1774, 1723–48)	Lambeth Palace London, England	1
U.S. Consular Agency, Majunga, Madagascar Dispatch book (1883–84)	Public Record Office (?) London, England	1

Some Recent Publications of the Library of Congress

Persian and Afghan Newspapers in the Library of Congress, 1871-1978. A bibliography compiled by Ibrahim V. Pourhadi. 1979. 101 p. (S/N 030-000-00109-5) \$3.50. For the historian of journalism and other researchers interested in different aspects of the history, politics, religion, and literature of Iran and Afghanistan, this list of newspapers in the collections of the Library of Congress is a useful guide. Entries for 326 newspapers from Iran and 23 from Afghanistan provide descriptions of the holdings and short annotations regarding the content of the various newspapers. Indexes and a list of reference works are included.

John Paul Jones' Memoir of the American Revolution, Presented to King Louis XVI of France. Translated and edited by Gerard W. Gawalt, with introduction by John R. Sellers. 116 p. (S/N 030-000-00094-3) \$6.50. The Scottish sea captain, fleeing a possible murder charge, shipped out to America to become the outstanding naval hero of the American Revolution. His memoirs, written to impress the king of France with his talents, record many of his revolutionary deeds and exploits, including the famous battle between the *Bonhomme Richard* and the *Serapis* in the North Sea.

"Moonlight dries no mittens": *Carl Sandburg Reconsidered.* 1979. 14 pp. (S/N 030-000-00108-7) \$1.25. This lecture was delivered at the Library by Daniel Hoffman on January 5, 1978, in commemoration of the centenary of Carl Sandburg's birth, and is reprinted from the winter 1979 issue of the *Quarterly Journal*. The article is illustrated with a Sandburg photographic portrait and manuscript material. Hoffman was Consultant in Poetry at the Library from 1973 to 1974 and is Professor of English and Poet-in-Residence of the University of Pennsylvania.

Final Report of the National Commission on New Technological Uses of Copyrighted Works. 1979. 154 p. (S/N 030-002-00143-8) \$4.75. Taking into consideration the concerns of the general public and the consumer, the commission recommended changes in copyright law and procedure to ensure public access to copyrighted works used in conjunction with computer and machine duplication systems and to protect the rights of owners of copyrights in such works.

The Star of Bethlehem: A List of References. By Ruth S. Freitag, Office of Bibliography. 1979. 56 p. (S/N 030-000-00112-5) \$2.50. "A Star, not seen before in Heaven appearing/Guided the Wise Men thither from the East," wrote Milton. Besides the poet, historians, theologians, astronomers, and many others have been intrigued by the biblical description of the Christmas star and have sought to discover what exactly did appear in the heavens and when. Comets, meteors, conjunctions of the planets, novae, and supernovae are among the possibilities that have been brought forward. Chinese records from the Former Han dynasty of a new star in 5 B.C. and cuneiform tablets describing a triple conjunction in 7 B.C. are among the sources of new information that have led to further suppositions. Popular and scholarly monographs and periodical articles relating to the nature of the star of Bethlehem are cited here for all those interested in the subject.

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